January 13, 1940

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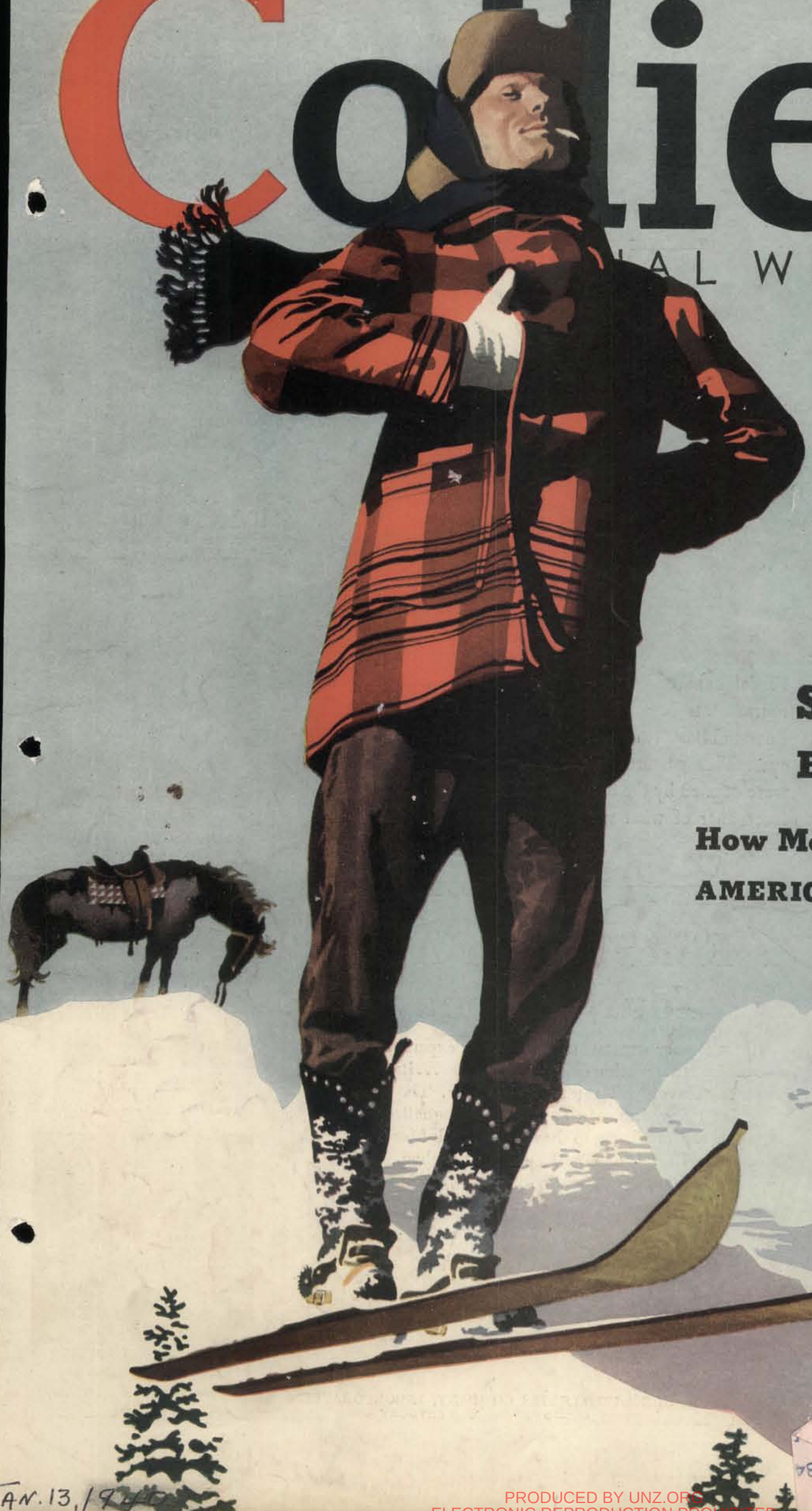

SMART MONEY

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

How Moe Annenberg Collected AMERICA'S GREATEST INCOME

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PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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JAN. 13, 1940

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Do you know WHY A SOLDIER SALUTES?

Feudal knights, passing in review at the end of tournaments before a newly-crowned Queen of Love and Beauty, used to raise mailed fists to their eyes. This gesture, indicating that the knights were dazzled by the beauty of the Queen, was the forerunner of what we know today as a salute!

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No. 19 of a series:
FACTS
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HUMAN CUSTOMS

Look for the Glenmore Colonel . . . symbol of the proudest names in Kentucky whiskies.

The Aristocrat of Bonds
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey—
Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

You ought to know
TOM HARDY
A Blend of Kentucky Straight Whiskies
90 Proof

Change to MINT SPRINGS
and keep the change
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
86.8 Proof

Gold Label—100 Proof
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A Finer Flavor Awaits Your Command

Just ask for GLENMORE and a new experience will be yours. Its smoothness and mellowness . . . its true Kentucky flavor will reward you richly. The *quality* of this whiskey has set GLENMORE's unequalled record—the only distillery to have produced More Than A Million Barrels of Fine Kentucky Bourbon.

FREE—we will gladly send you a copy of the Old Colonel's recipe booklet of famous Kentucky drinks.

Pour
Glenmore
. . . you get more

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY, INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE—OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

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IN NO OTHER LAND does the magic word HOME mean so much as it does in America today. For our homes are not only the symbols of our liberty but our standards of achievement for all the rest of the world.

In our homes we enjoy freedom of speech and opinion. Freedom of the press and freedom of speech by radio make it possible for every man, woman and child to be informed of the affairs of the world.

There is another freedom we enjoy in our homes that is the envy of the rest of the world — freedom from drudgery, drafts and contamination. And for this freedom we can give thanks largely to the Heating and Plumbing Contractors of America.

Heating and Plumbing are the twin guardians of our family welfare. Heating safeguards our homes against cold, dampness and discomfort upon which sickness thrives. Plumbing supplies the fresh, pure water so essential to well-being and carries away waste so dangerous to good health.

Both Heating and Plumbing are too essential to the welfare of your family and to the uninterrupted enjoyment of your home to be entrusted to any but the skilled hands of a Heating and Plumbing Contractor.

Henry M. Reed.
Chairman of the Board

AMERICAN RADIATOR & Standard Sanitary CORPORATION

NEW YORK PITTSBURGH

Boilers & Furnaces for Coal, Oil, Gas • Radiators • Plumbing Fixtures & Fittings • Air Conditioners • Coal & Gas Water Heaters Copper Pipe & Fittings • Oil Burners • Heating Accessories

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WILLIAM L. CHENERY **Editor**

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Next Week

WHEN the Finnish army moved up to meet the first Russian thrust on the southern front, Martha Gellhorn moved up with it. She had been in Helsinki the day before when the first bombs rained down, and from there she had made her way through snowbound forests to the front. She visited G.H.Q. She shared the excellent food of the fighting men. She talked with the first Russian prisoners and with the compassionate men who had brought them in from the blood-stained snow. And she sent back for Collier's readers a drama-laden, reassuring picture of brave men fighting for a beloved land. "Blood on the Snow" is history being made as you read.

THERE you stand, like a dope, getting yourself married to a perfect stranger because you got smart and thought you'd save her from doing a strip act for the benefit of the sentries. And you're making an enemy of the one man in Shanghai it's your business to placate. And you haven't the foggiest notion of what happens next. While you're figuring out what you'd do, we'll rest on Sidney Herschel Small's solution in "Surprise Marriage" next week.

BY WAY of additional fiction there is Margery Sharp's "Wild Wheat," a sparkling object lesson for scandalmongers, Roark Bradford with a new sketch of Sin-Splittin' Samuel, and short stories by Alice D. Kelly and John Whedon. And, of course, the serials.

OUT of Indiana's tough Two-per-Cent Club has come the glamorous figure of Paul Vories McNutt. Two political mahouts in search of a candidate snatched him from behind a teacher's desk. They hope he'll wind up behind a President's. Step by step, they've led him to the gates of the White House, where the hopes of other good men have died. Maybe you've never heard of them. But you will. Next week. From Walter Davenport, back from a sojourn "Under the Spreading McNutt Tree."

FOR additional articles, there's lesson No. 2 in how to get rich painlessly as John Flynn develops the astonishing career of Moe Annenberg. Jim Marshall takes you south of the Rio Grande and shows you how pleasant life can be when it's "The Mexican Way." There's Hy Phillips on dictators. And Freling Foster, facts in hand. Friday's the day.

Collier's

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KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	WM. HILLMAN	European Manager
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
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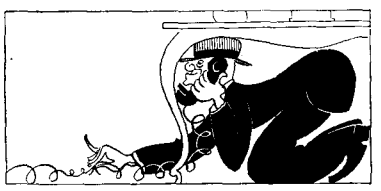
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
		JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Any Week

AMONG the adventures we have never embarked on is tapping the telephone of the mayor of Pawtucket, Rhode Island. Nevertheless, a gentleman in Providence telephoned us asking us whether we had. Somebody had and we were told that the suspected man looked like us and shared our surname. We assured him that we didn't know the mayor of Pawtucket and were quite sure that had we tapped his telephone wire we wouldn't have understood what he might be talking about. The gentleman questioning us asked us sternly to tell him frankly—yes or no—whether we were guilty or if we knew who was. We said we were innocent but wouldn't be at all surprised if some spy who didn't like the mayor had done it. Well, he said, if anyone ever tapped our telephone wire it would serve him right. And then he hung up.



AFTER that we got to talking to a Mr. Joe Ballsted of Akron, Ohio. "Listen," said he, tapping us on the chest, "we might as well elect FDR for another four years because he's used to it and knows all the answers by now. Elect some other guy, and six months later the same number of people will be saying the same things about him and the losing side will be showing us how the country is going to the dogs." Perhaps we should mention here that we have a letter from Mr. R. C. MacMoody of Jamestown, New York, urging the election of the Honorable Herbert C. Hoover who, says Mr. MacMoody, "doesn't know when he's well off, and forgets the favor the American people did him in 1932."

MR. CHARLES R. ETTINGER is the clerk of Marion County, Indiana, and president of the state association of township and county officials. The lot of these gentlemen is not, says Mr. Ettinger, a happy one. They are, says he, painfully mangled between two practically relentless forces—the popular insistence upon lower taxes and the insatiable demands of welfare departments with relief, assistance, pensions and so on to dispense. The situation is so shocking, goes on Mr. Ettinger, that several counties he knows of keep their records in longhand because they have no money with which to buy typewriters, which complicates life for county clerks and other officials, especially those who have been too busy to learn to write. We know at least one such county clerk; also a recorder of deeds. Both are so suspicious of anybody who can write that there are no records.

IT GIVES us considerable pleasure to report that the spirit of sacrifice still exists in America. We know, because recently while flying east, we had a spirited conversation with a gentleman at the Pittsburgh airport. The weather was nasty—snow, sleet and the like. There was some question whether the plane would continue eastward. But while our pilot was telephoning his girl or somebody, one of our fellow passengers cried in a loud voice: "Let us go on—carry on. Let us not flinch. If those boys in Europe can take it, let us show them that we too can take it." Whereat he resolutely reentered the plane to enjoy with the rest of us a most uneventful last leg of a nice upsy-daisy voyage. The fellow had courage.

WE ARE having quite a little trouble with Mr. George W. Reynor of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Some time ago Mr. Reynor urged us to report that a dentist he knows advertises: "If your teeth hurt send

them in." Mr. Reynor insists that this is very funny and that we'd think so too, if we had any humor. But we wrote Mr. Reynor that if your teeth hurt you'd have to take them in yourself—if you wanted the dentist to do anything about it. We added, with what we considered a nice touch of dignity, that teeth you could send in wouldn't hurt. From there on, our correspondence with Mr. Reynor became somewhat involved. Now he insists that we've missed the whole point and the hell with us. "Suppose you had teeth that could be mailed in," writes Mr. Reynor patiently. "And suppose you mailed them in and the dentist wrote back asking you which one hurt. Do you get the point, my fine-feathered friend?"

SORRY. . . . W. D.

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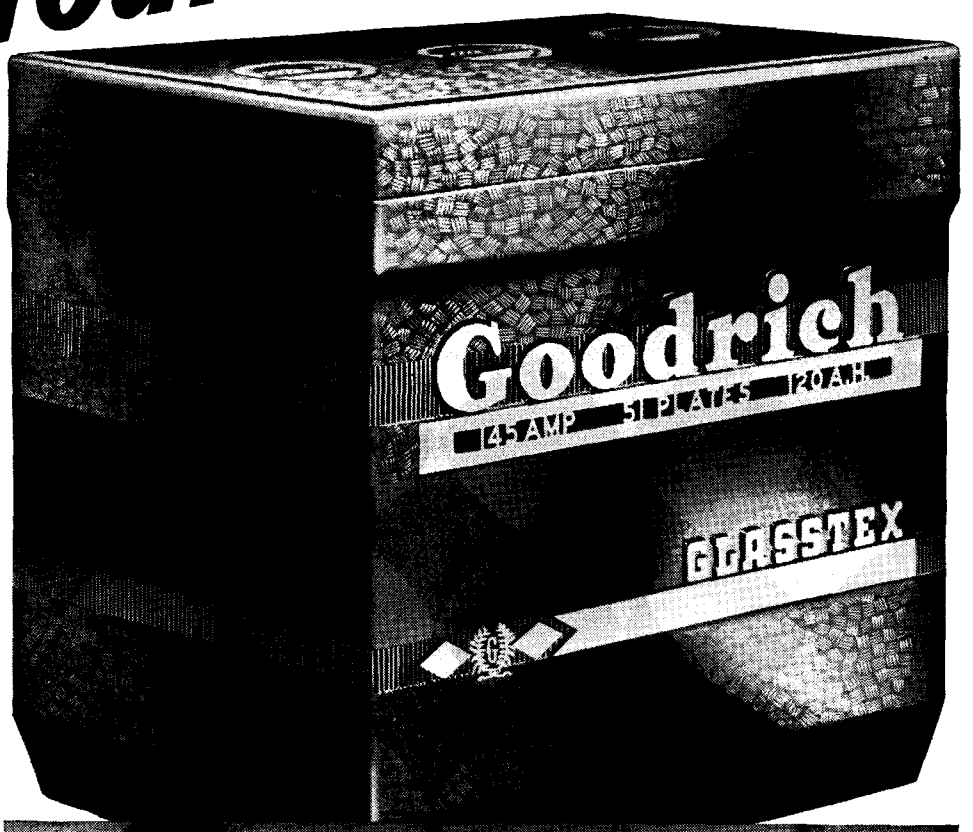
How A Little Glass Marble Can Double* the Life of Your Battery—



This little glass marble is spun into super-fine glass thread and woven into glass mats to keep the power in your battery twice as long—give you extra power for all driving needs

● Imagine taking four little glass marbles and spinning them out into miles and miles of super-fine glass thread! Then imagine weaving this thread (there would be 408 miles of it) into porous glass mats, just the size for your automobile battery!

That's exactly what is done in building Goodrich Glasstex Batteries—and this amazing woven glass performs a *double duty* as a battery mat. It not only holds the vital, power-producing materials in the plates *twice as long* but makes possible a construction so porous that it allows a full, free flow of the battery acid—and the life of your battery is DOUBLED.

So—before you step on the starter one of these cold days and hear only the slow, dying groan of your motor in a losing battle against cold-stiffened oil—take a look at the Goodrich Glasstex Battery. This battery is so powerful it can bring not just one but *two* motors to life at the same time—and do it at 10° below zero! It's the battery you need to take care of all the extras on your car and yet have plenty of power to give you a really trouble-free winter.

AVOID "WINTER GRIEF." Why put up with the "headaches" of uncertain starts . . . blinky lights . . . weak radio reception . . . lazy windshield wipers this winter? See your nearest Goodrich Tire and Battery Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store now about this new popular-priced, guaranteed Goodrich Glasstex Battery—THE SUPER POWER BATTERY THAT LASTS TWICE AS LONG.*

*Proved by life tests made in accordance with specifications of the Society of Automotive Engineers.

BLOWS SMOKE THROUGH GLASS

Yes, the unique glass mats in this new Goodrich Glasstex Battery are so porous you can blow smoke right through them! Thus, with a full, free flow of the battery acid, no wonder you get a quick surge of power and *more* of it from the new Goodrich Glasstex Battery.

WHIPS TWO MOTORS OVER IN A MAN-MADE BLIZZARD!

In an actual test, certified by Western Union and made in a specially designed "cold room" where temperatures hit bottom at the flick of a switch, a new stock Goodrich Glasstex Battery supplied all the electrical energy to start *two* cars, each with an 85 horsepower motor, simultaneously at ten degrees below zero and immediately afterward gave fourteen more starts in the same temperature in one minute and forty-nine seconds.** That's plenty of proof that this new Goodrich Glasstex Battery is *made to order* for cold weather driving!

** At the completion of these fifteen starts the test was terminated because the motor temperatures had returned to normal and starting had become easy and rapid.

Goodrich GLASSTEX Battery

Trade Mark Registered U. S. Patent Office

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Fight a COLD two ways with Sal Hepatica*

MR.: This is a cold, darling, and no mistake. I didn't dare stay out to practice any longer—in fact, I'll bet I'm in bed the day of the ski jump contest.

MRS.: You're going to bed now, m'love—but first I'm going to give you a saline laxative with a swift, two-way help—Sal Hepatica.

MR.: Swift? Two-way? Sal Hepatica must be *different!*

MRS.: Different is right! First, Sal Hepatica is gentle in its laxative action, yet it acts fast—and I don't need to tell you that speed is important in fighting a cold. And second, Sal Hepatica helps Nature counteract the acidity that often accompanies a cold.

MRS.: Oh, darling, what a jump you made! You'll be in the Olympics, next!

MR.: You ought to get the cup, dear, because I'd probably be still down with a cold, if it hadn't been for that saline laxative, Sal Hepatica.

* A recent survey conducted by seven leading medical journals shows that 7 out of 10 doctors prescribe a *saline* laxative, in treating colds.

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of this famous saline laxative at your druggist's today

TUNE IN! Big New Fred Allen Show—Wednesdays at 9 to 10 P. M., E.S.T.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Garlic has such a strong and permeating odor it will flavor the milk of a cow that has merely inhaled it for a few minutes.

Of all the germs that have been studied by scientists, not more than three per cent are pathogenic, or capable of causing disease.

The British Broadcasting Corporation now uses thirteen foreign languages in its news broadcasts from London.

Although not engaged in delivering merchandise, the Bell Telephone Company owns and operates 20,700 motor trucks and cars, which is, by far, the largest fleet of its kind in the world.—*By Francis P. Allen, Haverhill, Massachusetts.*

Of the seven Central American countries, only Guatemala and El Salvador are accessible to each other by railroad.

Unlike most names in China, "Confucius" is not Chinese, but the Latinized form of K'ung Fu-tze, which means "the philosopher or master K'ung."

The Jicaque Indians of Honduras, despite their primitive manners and customs, are so fearful of the disease germs of civilization that they will not use, or even touch with the bare hand, any purchase or gift from a white man until it has been disinfected for at least two days.

A New York bookbinder makes a specialty of covering his books with material most appropriate to the subject matter. For example, he will bind a book on ostrich farming in ostrich skin, one on prison life in zebra skin, one on dermatology in human skin, the Bible in lambskin and The Merchant of Venice in sharkskin.—*By Louis A. Lebowitz, New York, New York.*

During the past year, several toy stores have been asked to refund money on Charlie McCarthy dolls because they "could not talk like the one on the radio."

Bananas are picked green, not because they withstand transportation better in an immature state, but because they do not ripen satisfactorily on the plant. If they are not cut when green, their starch fails to turn into sugar and the fruit is not fit for human consumption.—*By Mrs. Maurice H. Smith, Farmington, Connecticut.*

The longest and costliest errand on which a telegraph messenger was ever sent took place in 1899 when a boy carried a Western Union telegram from Philadelphia to Pretoria, South Africa. The message, in which 21,000 American school children wished success to Oom Paul Kruger in the Boer War, was carried 12,000 miles and cost $2,300.—*By Robert A. Mickler, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.*

The appellate courts of this country hand down an average of about 25,000 decisions each year, which are added to the 1,500,000 cases that have previously been reported and published in more than 9,000 volumes.—*By Meldrim Thomson, Jr., Brooklyn, New York.*

About thirty-five gallons of maple sap have to be evaporated to obtain one gallon of maple sirup.—*By George M. Marrow, St. Johnsbury, Vermont.*

China observes four national holidays in honor of Dr. Sun Yat-sen (1866-1925): His birthday, the anniversary of his death, the date of his first installation as president of the Chinese Republic and the date of his imprisonment at the Chinese Legation in London.

Male tortoise-shell cats are so rare that not more than twenty-five have ever been recorded.—*By Mrs. Brooks Palmer, New York, New York.*

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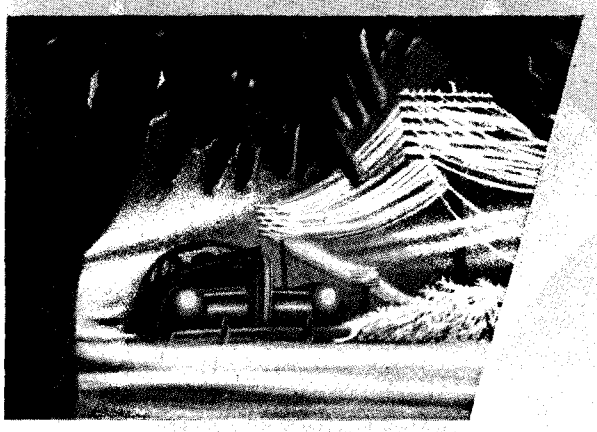
TERRIFIC PICK-UP and power! From 15 to 50 MPH in less than 13 seconds, *high gear*—with the big Nash engine that delivers small car economy. New Fourth Speed Forward saves you up to 20% more on gasoline.



THROUGH A BLIZZARD in summer comfort, you ride coatless in Weather Eye conditioned air warmth. Flash starting, even on coldest mornings, with Nash's exclusive manifold-sealed engine.

Goodbye-Mr. Winter

PICK OUT A DAY when a roaring Nor'easter has sent the last lone driver scuttling back home with frozen fingers.

Then see if it's true what Nash owners say! *that there isn't any winter any more!*

Out of the storm and up to your door will skim a car as sleek as the wind it cleaves, so gay its dancing wheels hardly touch the snow.

You all pile in, from Granny down to the two-year-old . . . into seats as soft and deep as gossamer clouds. Then someone touches a magic dial—and presto!

It's May! Fresh, warm air that lets you shed coats down to your shirt sleeves . . . that brings back a springtime zest to go places! It's Nash Weather Eye magic—and lo, it's *fully automatic*. Your comfort always stays the same.

Toe the throttle—and you feel a terrific surge of power whisk the city away. Then, a *Fourth* Speed Forward cuts in—and the countryside comes winging up.

Suddenly a snowbound straggler blocks the way, but you zoom by with the reserve pick-up of the automatic Overtake.

Outside the storm rolls on. But you can't feel its icy fingers . . . or hear the whine of the wind . . . or notice the frozen ruts below. You sail along *as smooth and silent as Arrow-flight.*

Soon you'll find it—that secluded pond where singing skates make gay music in the frozen air.

Let the rest of the world sit chattering by the radiator . . . let the almanac say snow—here in your Nash you know for a fact it's goodbye Mr. Winter—*for good!*

• • •

Why keep on "hibernating" half of every year . . . when *many Nash models are priced next to the lowest?* Get in a Nash today and collect on year 'round fun!

SAFE AT NIGHT. Sealed Beam lights give glareless brilliance, 50% more power. Remember: *Nash long life assures higher resale value.* Dealers everywhere (over 1800) are ready to serve you.

Again... IT'S THAT NEW NASH

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A NATION UNITED BY TELEPHONE

JUST twenty-five years ago, on January 25, 1915, the first transcontinental telephone call was made. East and West were united in dramatic ceremony.

President Woodrow Wilson talked from the White House across the country, testifying to the nation's pride "that this vital cord should have been stretched across America as a sample of our energy and enterprise."

The inventor of the telephone, Alexander Graham Bell, in New York, repeated across the continent to San Francisco the first words ever heard over a telephone—"Mr. Watson, come here, I want you"—to the same Thomas A. Watson who had heard them in the garret workshop in Boston in 1876.

That ceremony ushered in transcontinental service twenty-five years ago. At that time it cost $20.70 to call San Francisco from New York. Now it costs $6.50 for a station-to-station call and only $4.25 after seven in the evening and all day Sunday.

In 1915 it took about half an hour, on the average, to make a connection. Now most calls are put through without hanging up.

These are measures of progress in the never-ending effort of the Bell System to give faster, clearer, more useful and courteous service to the people of the United States.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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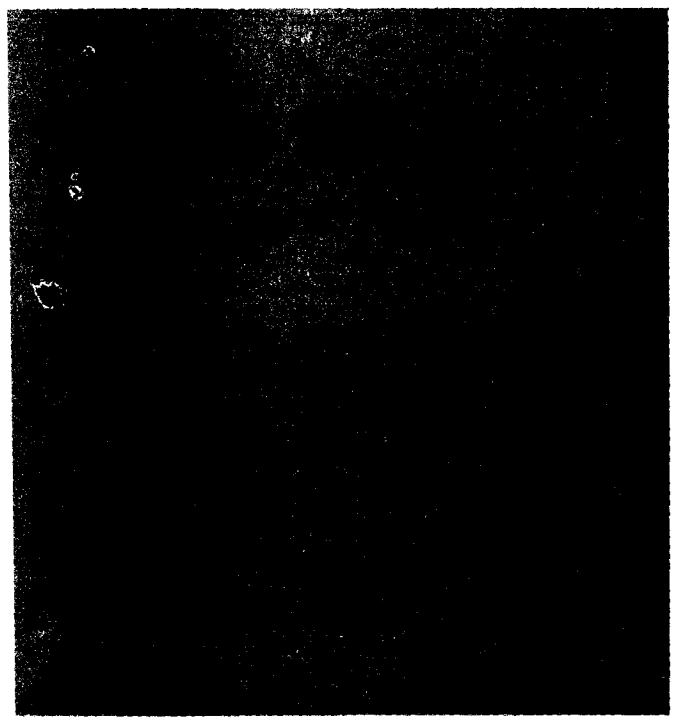
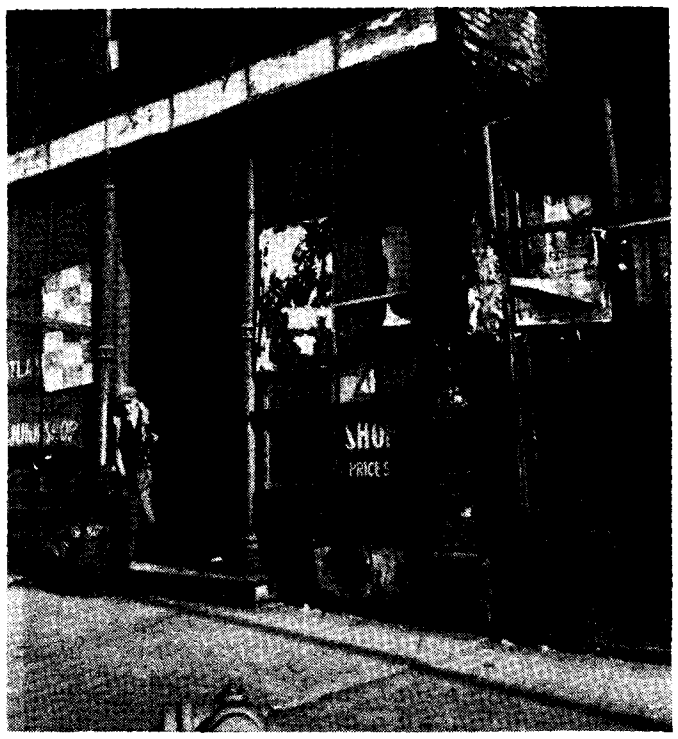
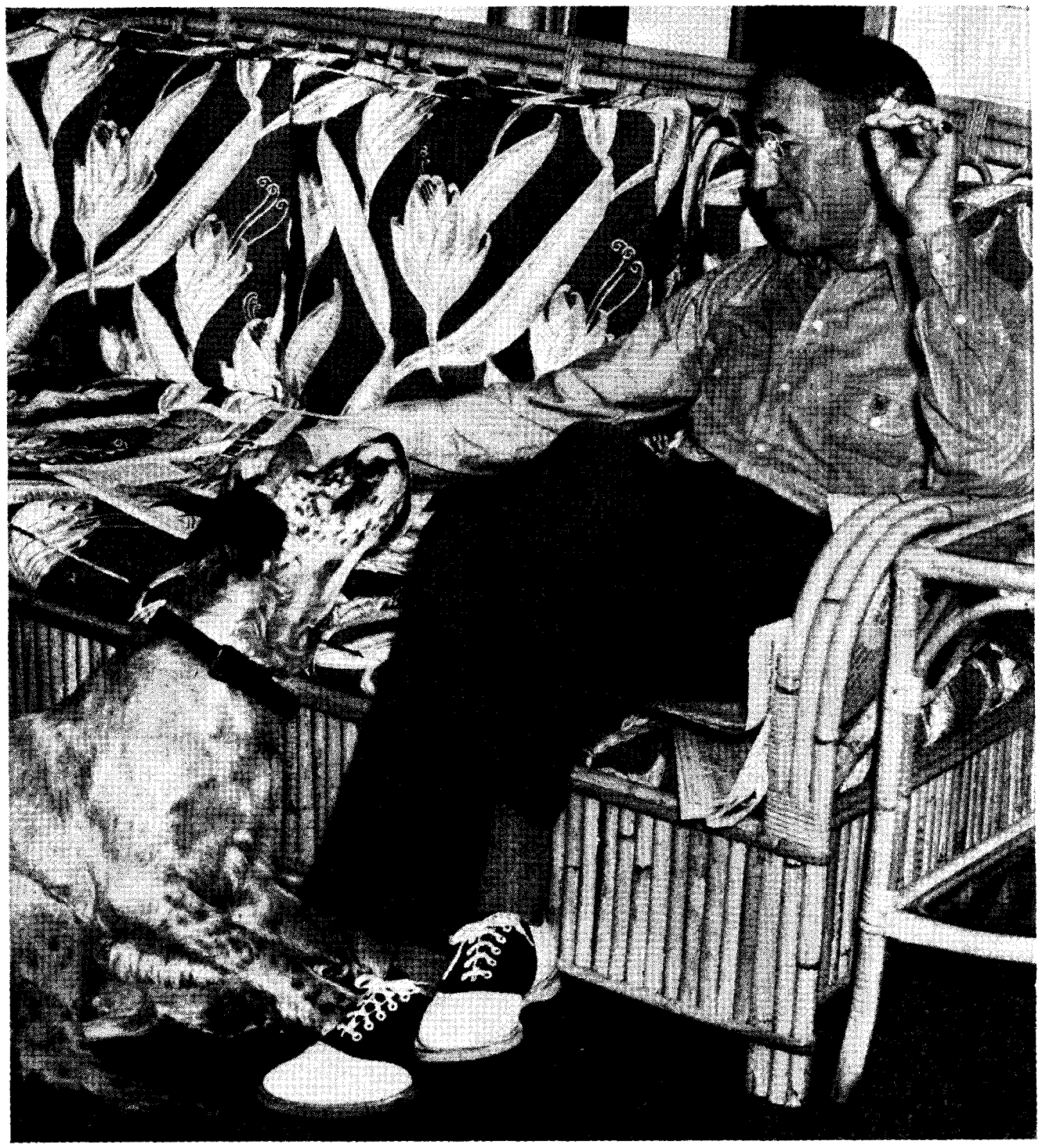




VALENTINO SARRA

The Chicago junk shop over which the emigrant Annenberg family, including Moe, lived in 1885



COURTESY PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER

Moe Annenberg today, one of the wealthiest men in the world. He is shown with his English setter on the porch of the house on his estate in Pike County, Pennsylvania

ON AUGUST 24, 1939, a tall, gaunt, angular man, well-tailored in gray, gray-haired, looking generally gray, peering through gold-rimmed spectacles, stood before United States court officials in Chicago to be fingerprinted.

That was Moe Annenberg—Moe, who, according to the federal authorities, enjoys the largest individual income in the United States. How much he is enjoying it we cannot say, since Uncle Sam wants to share it with him, taking much the larger part, and indeed wants to put an end to much of it and has already extinguished a mere $2,000,000 of it. And on this particular day the United States District Attorney in Chicago had Moe, his son Walter and a group of his colleagues up for indictment for running out on a good many millions of income tax, for collaborating in the operation of a lottery in connection with horse-race betting, for conspiracy to bribe a government witness and certain other sundry and collateral sins of omission and commission in connection with his business. Moe, of course, pleaded not guilty.

Fifty years ago, a small boy—one of a family of eight kids—lived in a second-floor home over a junk shop, sold papers, peddled iron, later tended bar.

Now the same boy—who, as you have guessed, is this same Moe—lives in the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, the Warwick Hotel in Philadelphia and in four magnificent baronial estates at Kings Point, Long Island; Pike County, Pennsylvania; Miami Beach, Florida; and Sand Creek Canyon, Wyoming. His income runs into the millions every year. On this August day he faced an inquiry by our inquisitive and acquisitive Uncle Sam to find out what we would all like to know—how did he do it? Moe piled up most of his vast wealth during the depression period since 1929.

Mr. Annenberg does not own any race horses or race tracks. Nor does he make book or bet on the horses. He is—or was—the czar of racing information. He owns most of the papers and operates—or did operate—all of the wires that sent out the dope about the horses before the race and the results after it had been run. He knew all, saw all and told all at 10, 25, 50 cents a day, week and month, and up to as high as $500 a week through countless newspapers, magazines and wire services. His wires ran into 29 race tracks and from them to countless thousands of bookie joints in 223 cities in 39 states. He could nod his dictatorial head and not a pencil would move in a bookie joint in America. And out of this business—hovering between the upper world of legitimate business and the underworld of gambling—operated with amazing efficiency with the aid of all the contraptions and machinery of big corporate business, he set in motion a flow of income which has been estimated as high as six million dollars a year.

He was the fifth largest customer of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. The Associated Press, United Press, International News and Radio Corporation alone topped him. He paid about a half a million a year in tolls. He published the Daily Racing Form and a score of other racing papers in all the large cities of the country, including a magic little volume called "Systeology," through which "the horse player is sure to find that corner around which prosperity lurks if he has the intestinal fortitude to stick to his selected system and play it through to the bitter end." Bitter end is right! It had sixteen different systems, by the way, and doubtless sixteen bitter ends. And the book proffered the comforting assurance that if a man used one of them and lost, it was due only to his misfortune. How true! Incidentally, Mr. Annenberg didn't use any of the sixteen systems himself. He had a better way. Also he owns a daily paper in Massillon, Ohio; the hundred-year-old Morning Telegraph in New York—the only daily newspaper that sells for 25 cents a copy; and the hundred-year-old Philadelphia Inquirer, one of the largest dailies in the country, for which he paid something over $13,000,000. He owns, in addition, a whole pocketful of trinkets such as hotels, office buildings, garages, theaters, an insurance company, at one time a brokerage firm, a laundry, wholesale and retail liquor stores, bowling alleys; is the largest holder of stock in the Wisconsin Bank Shares Holding Company, controlling many leading financial institutions of the state; is or was the largest individual holder of stock in the American National Bank and Trust Company of Chicago. And—oh, yes—he owns a string of such magazines as Click, Actual Detective Stories, Official Detective Stories, Radio Guide and Screen Guide.

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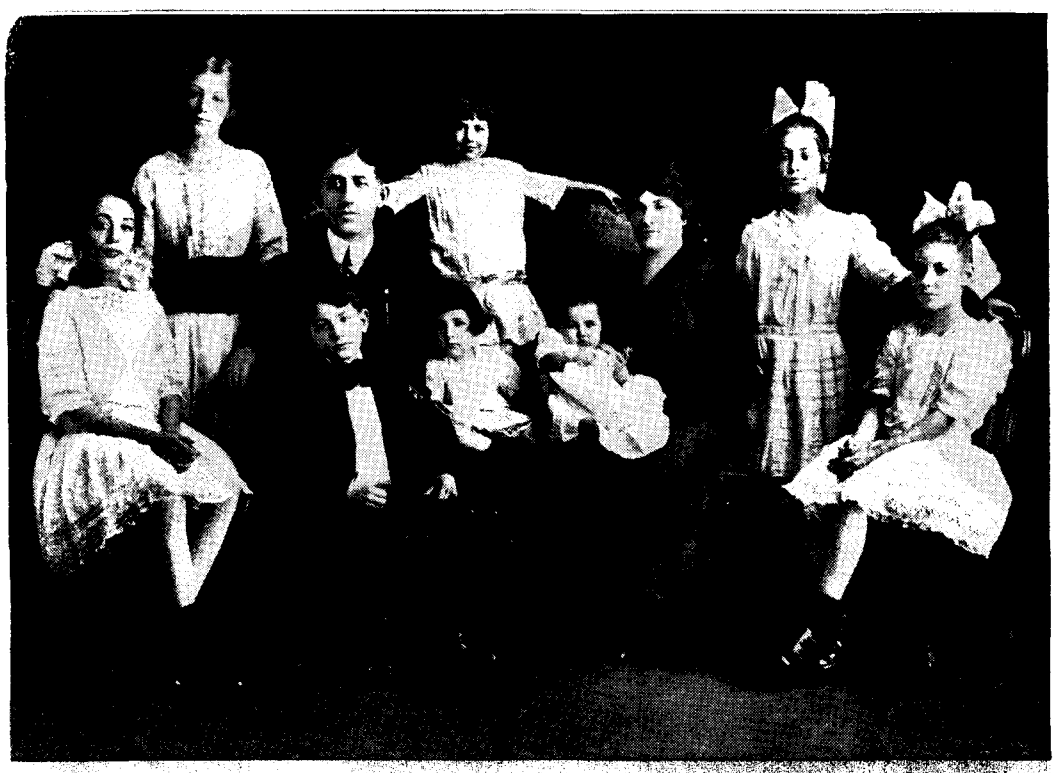

The only existing picture of Mr. and Mrs. Moe Annenberg and their eight children. It was made in 1917, when Moe was publishing the Wisconsin News

Highly important in the Annenberg scheme of things is Rosie Babos, the household cook, whose Hungarian dishes he likes so well that he sometimes has them shipped by plane when away from home. Below, his Miami Beach home

Since he bought the Philadelphia Inquirer—Philadelphia's great conservative newspaper and the voice of Pennsylvania's economic royalists—Mr. Annenberg makes his headquarters in a large but not sumptuous office in the 26-story Inquirer Building, which he owns.

Sitting behind his spacious desk, somewhat more littered than that of the usual big executive, he can be a pleasant man to talk to, having acquired with the years a certain suavity, the manner of the man of wealth and authority, a kind of veneer which, however, he can peel off very swiftly if his anger is aroused, when he can rip off a stream of explosive objurgative expletives with the best of them.

As may be supposed, he works incessantly. He can spot a penny traveling in the wrong direction. He has a genius for detail. On this question of genius, Mr. Annenberg can hardly be called a modest man. He has, in fact, issued two books, one about his newspaper career in Miami and one about his newspaper career in Philadelphia in which he is described as a genius. In fact, on one occasion he wrote a famous letter that later bobbed up to plague him in which he compared himself to Mussolini with Mussolini on the short end of the comparison.

But after all he is, in a manner of speaking, a genius—certainly in the field of newspaper circulation. He once presided as the head of all circulation departments of all of Mr. William Randolph Hearst's far-flung empire of newspapers and magazines, and is said to have increased the millions of readers and cut the cost of getting and reaching them by $2,000,000 in a year. When he took the Philadelphia Inquirer in 1936, he increased the circulation of the Sunday edition from around 600,000 to 1,200,000 in two years. In some mysterious way he manages to peddle the Philadelphia Inquirer in towns all over the United States. He sells 30,000 copies of it every Sunday in Toronto, Canada. He is one of those men who, having worked around newsprint all his life, loves the smell of it. He has said he would rather make a dollar publishing than ten any other way. He has had the satisfaction of doing both.

Just a Simple Millionaire

He has a large family in the best Hebraic tradition. His father begot eleven; he has eight—a son and seven daughters. They have all gone to the most exclusive prep schools and good colleges.

Moe was always a great admirer of Arthur Brisbane, who, you may be surprised to learn, was once his partner in his racing-wire service. His contribution to the education of his children was to read to them daily the philosophical works of the great pragmatic millionaire-philosopher Brisbane—as published daily in the Hearst papers.

He likes to read himself to sleep at night, his favorite reading being his own detective magazines. He devours them. If there is a serial running, he will clamor for proofs, unable to curb his curiosity until the coming installments are published.

He is a man of simple tastes. He generally has about sixty suits in his wardrobe but habitually wears only a few. He plays no golf. His favorite pastime is fishing in a lake of one of his many estates. He does not entrust any of his cash to the bookies. He might bet five dollars to add to the zest of a race, knowing he has little or no chance of ever seeing it again. He likes a little roulette occasionally—tossing a few grand away—not with any expectation of winning, because he knows the percentage is against him, but merely to add to the spice of the game. He likes a quiet game of poker. He is partial to stud.

He is an abstemious eater at breakfast and lunch—but when day is done and darkness falls from the wings of night—ah! then comes the good, plump Rosie Babos, the family cook, with her Hungarian dishes. Then Moe loves to lay into a dish of her strudels, or her chicken paprika, or chicken casserole, or noodle pudding, or sour fish or gefuellte fish. So devoted is he and the family to the culinary products of Rosie that often when he is far from her kitchen she will ship his favorite dishes to him by airplane, packed in airtight aluminum containers in dry ice. Upon occasion such a dish sent by air express has cost as much as thirty dollars. Yes, give Moe the good old simple things of life—his simple home in the Waldorf or the Warwick or a quiet corner among the 5,000 acres in Pike County or in his palatial log-cabin ranch house in Sand Creek Canyon in one of his sixty suits, and Rosie's chicken paprika cooked fresh the day before in Kings Point, Long Island, and shipped that morning by plane in time for dinner at Ranch A.

From Humble Beginnings—

Moses Louis Annenberg was born in East Prussia. He was contributed to the world February 11, 1878, in the village of Kalwischen, in the province of Gumbinnen. This was one of those tiny villages on the far northeastern corner of the German empire, close to the Russian border. The name Moses, of course, is as old as the hills of Judea. But the "Annenberg" is quite new. His father's name was Tobias, like most Jewish families in rural Prussia with no patronymic—just Tobias, son of Israel. The Annenberg was a gift from the Prussian census taker, who thought Tobias ought to have a name for the census. He called him Tobias-of-the-Hill. So he became Tobias Annenberg.

This Tobias farmed and kept a small store. It must have been very small, for there were but nine families in the village and a sparse farming population around—small and desperately poor. The family's fish came from a little lake near their home. The older brother, Jacob, did the fishing. Later Moe succeeded to that job. The family had lived in Kalwischen for several centuries—poor, deeply religious, contented. But in the eighties of the last century there was a great ferment in eastern Europe and a great flood of immigration began to flow toward that fabulous America of which the poor peasants heard. Tobias set out for America in 1882 in one of the greatest tides of emigrants that has swept into this country in all its history. He went to Chicago. The oldest son, Jacob, followed the next year. The whole family, including Moe, then only seven, joined Tobias in 1885. They lived on the South Side of Chicago. Tobias worked as a peddler; then started a small and apparently unsuccessful grocery store on Justine Street. Moe was twelve then, and the family lived in a small three-story dwelling at 1255 (now 1237) State, a junk shop on the first floor, the Annenbergs—father, mother and eight children—on the second floor.

One way or another the three boys served an apprenticeship in the junk business and as peddlers. One of them remained in it, amassing a small fortune in the iron business—Jacob, the oldest, who still lives in Aurora, Illinois. The next oldest son, Max, is now circulation manager of Patterson's New York Daily News where he struggles along on the modest salary of $150,000 a year. Moe speaks of him as his brother who didn't make good.

Moe's first job was as a messenger boy for Western Union. He got three or

(Continued on page 51)

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Steady Job

By Lawrence E. Watkin

Mr. Lem Pavy brilliantly demonstrating his argument that night-watching is for experienced men

LEM PAVY had the neatest little cabin of any poor man in town; there was even a fireplace in the living room and a fire broom to keep it clean, a broom that Lizzie had made out of sedge. The mantel she had decorated with a lambrequin cut from colored paper, a farmers' almanac and a framed copy of their marriage license. But the most remarkable furnishing in the room was a white crockery umbrella stand with gilded apples and blue grapes festooned over its gleaming sides. All the neighbors had to look up to people with a living room like that; they couldn't help coveting a settin' room with no beds in it.

Though it made Lizzie proud, she was prouder of her kitchen, especially her cooking range that would even take coal. Not that she would be fool enough to want coal when there was a woodshed hitched right onto the rest of the house, and covered over from the weather. Of course, she deserved a good kitchen; she picked up a right smart number of half dollars from the college people when the faculty wives gave teas and wanted one of her cakes.

Lizzie regretted that Lem couldn't have more good of this beautiful house; maybe he could if he'd just give up his job of night watchman at the college, but she didn't dare mention that subject, except to hint at it, for Lem was touchy about the fact that he was seventy-one. She hated to wake him now; he needed his sleep, but it was suppertime; so she parted the beaded portieres and entered the bedroom. She had to shake him several times before he yawned and knuckled his knot head and asked what time it was.

"Time all dogs was dead," said Lizzie, a great one for a joke.

"Ain't you gettin' slick!" came the retort. "What you got fer supper?"

"What you think?"

"Ham an' chicken'n beaten biscuits," grinned Lem, pulling on his pants.

"Who you think you are?" asked Lizzie indignantly, "rich folks?"

"Mighty funny," growled Lem, "that with all the cookin' goes on around yere I don' git none of it. All I git is side meat. Side an' turnips an' side'n cabbage an' side'n kale."

"Well, you git sow belly and black-eye peas tonight, and you better be thankful for that, ole shaky-shanks."

"My, my," he mocked, "ain't you got the pepper on yore tongue!"

THEY said little during the simple meal. Lizzie finished first and waited until Lem was through before she reminded him: "Hit's Saddy night. If you'll give me the money, I'll tote home some groc'ries."

He doled out three one-dollar bills. "Careful with that," he cautioned.

She nodded.

He reached into his pocket again and gave her an extra thirty cents. "Hit's Saddy night," he said. "You go to a pitcher show an' git you a horn o' cream afterwards. They give you a big un in the Five and Dime fer five cents, and they got some awful purty records they play in there now. I reckon you'll want to hear um."

"Thank you, Lem. Wisht you could get to go with me onct in a while."

"Now don't start that noise," Lem ordered, strapping on his holster and slinging the time clock across his shoulder. "I ain't going to quit, not never. First place, there ain't nobody can do it 'cept me. Mr. Allen would be worryin' up a storm if he thought I was goin' to quit." *(Continued on page 48)*

The intruder leaped over him and started running. But he didn't get far. Lem leveled his gun and shot twice, carefully, at the flying legs

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The Road Leads West

By Naomi Lane Babson

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The miles ahead may still be long and hard; but she will never find them dark again

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"A son. A first-born son," the mother said. And Feather realized that she was young, no older than herself

THEY had been walking for three weeks now, and of twoscore who had started on the journey seventeen remained by the time they left the settled land and faced the mountains. Under the blue, illimitable summer sky the little band of students looked hardly more significant than ants as they crawled slowly up toward the first pass.

Feather Wong found herself walking alone, somewhat behind the others. A young girl, slightly made, with a thin, thoughtful face, she was aware of weariness but would not own it. She had been unwilling to turn back when most of the other girls had done so—out of ten women students only she and Joy Ma were left, but Feather did not admit any personal motive in her determination to keep up with Joy. If her heart ached she told herself that it was from exercise. The road wound on ahead of her, not good, not very bad—a rough path going up.

Far away in the west she could see the shadowy mountains of Yunnan. Somewhere off there was the refuge they were seeking, the town where a new school was being established, and learning could continue. She squared her shoulders, shifting the heavy pack she carried, lifting her chin to the challenge of the future.

"They have not conquered us," she thought, "while our spirit remains unbroken. We are not running away. We are retreating."

She had reached the top of the pass, and the road dipped down again. The valley between these hills and the next range had a wild, dark, lonely look. Everything was so unlike the quiet, well-ordered life that she had known before. She had been carefully sheltered all of her seventeen years, and only twelve months ago it had seemed a great adventure to leave her father's house and live at school. She remembered the tree-shaded campus beside a slow, gray river far away, and how from her dormitory window she could watch the lamps of the distant city when evening came, and wonder which of them shone nearest home.

Round the next curve of the hill the path spread out into a small plateau where water from a spring bubbled into a little stream near by. Here Feather found the company halted. They sat or sprawled on the dry, springy turf; packs were being loosened, someone was passing cigarettes. Feather's glance flew straight to the one she wished to see: Su Chung was standing beside Joy Ma, cupping his hands around a match to light her cigarette. Over her head his eyes met Feather's and he smiled.

"So you have come. I was concerned for you."

AT HIS words Joy whirled around, standing with one hand on his arm, as if to claim him. "At last, Feather! We were wondering if we must return and help you."

Each word she spoke was like a pinprick, but surely it could not be because she meant to hurt? "I am all right," Feather said. "I walked slowly from choice. . . ." *My choice to be alone, away from you, free from the sight of you and Chung together.* . . . As she went toward them, she was conscious of a lack of ease in word and gesture; she supposed that one with a deep, hidden wound might walk and speak in this stiff, careful manner.

"It seems somewhat barren and lonely here," she said. "Where are we going to sleep tonight?"

"Right here," Chung answered in his deep voice. "Beneath the stars."

"The ground is a good enough bed. Moreover, every hardship is for our country's sake," Joy added.

"Yes, I know." Feather's simple question had been made to sound like a complaint but she did not defend herself. She sighed a little, loosening her pack, letting it slip away from tired shoulders. All at once it was stupid and silly and unmeaning to be so far from home in this lonely, savage country, carrying a load of books and clothing. How could they make a school off here in the wilderness, far away from everything that stood for culture?

The words that had sustained her for so long—patriotism, independence, loyalty—rang hollow in her mind. It was not for these that she had come so far; it was for Chung, for her dear love. Tears misted her eyes. She had lost him now. He had turned from her to Joy and the two of them were making their own plans for the future. They had not told Feather, but she understood. Through half-lowered lids she watched them sitting side by side, absorbed in a map Joy was drawing on a scrap of paper. "You need not make such a parade of secrecy," she thought. "Everyone knows quite well that you are planning to go north and join the fighting forces."

Joy could do that. Joy was as tall and sturdy as a man, and not afraid of anything. It was strange to see how she had changed and blossomed on this journey. Back there at school she had always been too big, too active, too noisy. Overemphasized. But she was different here in the mountain country. Each day on the march she had seemed to come a little more into her own, and every day Chung had been more surely drawn to her.

Dusk claimed the mountains now, and the wind blew cold and lonely. One of the hired guides brought water from the stream; another was feeding a tiny fire with handfuls of dry grass.

Suddenly Chung was there, crossing the little plateau to sit beside Feather.

"You are so tired," he said. "I can see it from your eyes."

"A little tired only."

"I have done wrong to persuade you to this journey. It is too arduous a life. You are not strong enough."

"I am the same as ever."

He said in a troubled voice, "I feel to blame. But for my arguments you would have gone with your parents. You would be safe in Hong Kong now."

"THE reasoning that made me disobey parental commands, the cause that brought me here—that has not changed, I think?"

"No. No, but you see—" He had pulled a tuft of grass from the earth and was carefully dividing it into single stalks. "Things are not quite the same as when we started. It is I, who—I mean, I have come to realize a different duty than I knew then. A harder task."

"You mean there is something more important than to keep our school alive and free? A lamp of learning in the dark, you used to say."

"Yes, I remember. And it all is true. One way to serve our country, but for me, no longer the right way. Feather, a man must be willing to use more than his intellect at such a time. To give his body with his mind, to fight and suffer and die if it happens so—"

"But the generalissimo himself has declared that the country needs to spare its educated men. There are so few. Even at best, so few. And you are a teacher, Chung."

Chung spread his hands wide and looked at them. Feather looked too. They were brown and strong and supple; they could be tender, as she knew, but now he tightened them slowly into fists. "Shall I have a piece of chalk," he said, "for my weapon? Draw diagrams on the blackboard, teach equations, while other men, peasants and artisans and the like, march forth with guns to save our nation?"

Those are not your theories. They are Joy's. But Feather did not speak this thought. After a moment she found other words: "No blackboards, I think. You will have to draw your diagrams in the sand. Remember Chiang Kai-shek has said this likewise: that anyone in six weeks' time can learn to shoot a gun. But your knowledge of chemistry, which has taken many years to acquire—that cannot easily be replaced."

"I know," he replied uneasily. "My mind was torn for many days till at last I saw that I must choose the harder way—"

"It is not necessarily better because it is harder."

"But how can a man be sure of his own courage until it has been proved?"

She answered in a low voice, "It takes some courage also to live in caves or tents, to starve and freeze and suffer helpless under air raids, and still to be patient, to love hope and hate despair."

Even in the dusk she could see his expression change and soften; there was understanding in his eyes. *Goddess of Mercy, let me win him back to his true duty.* "Chung, you would teach more than lessons out of books. There is a different bravery than a soldier's, equal to it. And we could work together—"

"Yes, quite so," Joy Ma said sharply.

Feather did not know how long the other girl had been behind them, carrying her basin of red rice. Her voice was like a knife slashing across the delicate mood of a moment since.

"To keep our—friends—with us, and out of danger, that is a true womanly impulse. I do not blame you, Feather, for trying it, but Su Chung is not to be so easily persuaded. Are you?" she said,

(Continued on page 47)

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Sad Cypress

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

TO THE amazement of her physician, Dr. Peter Lord, wealthy old Mrs. Welman—who, following an illness, had appeared to be well on the road to recovery—suddenly dies. Among those who are near her at the time—in her country home, Hunterbury—are: Her niece, Elinor Carlisle; her dead husband's nephew, "Roddy" Welman; Mary Gerrard, her lodgekeeper's daughter; her housekeeper, Mrs. Bishop; and two nurses—Eileen O'Brien and Jessica Hopkins.

Another surprise awaits everyone—no will can be found. So the old lady's entire estate (estimated at two hundred thousand pounds) goes, automatically, to her next of kin: Elinor Carlisle. No sooner has the girl heard the news, however, than Roddy (to whom she is engaged) confesses to her that he has fallen in love with Mary Gerrard. Hurt, shocked, Elinor suggests that Roddy go away, to "think the matter over." And Roddy goes to Italy.

Meanwhile, Nurses Hopkins and O'Brien have been wondering who stole the tube of morphine tablets Hopkins had left unguarded, shortly before Mrs. Welman died. . . .

Hating the lodgekeeper's daughter, Elinor, knowing that her aunt had planned to leave the girl something, settles two thousand pounds on her. Then she returns to her home, in London. And, like Mary, she makes a will. She names Roddy as her beneficiary; and Mary names an aunt, who lives in New Zealand, as hers.

Mary's father dies. Elinor, who has run down from London, invites Nurse Hopkins and Mary to share some sandwiches with her. Mary eats one of the sandwiches—and dies! The authorities investigate; they find that the girl *has been poisoned with morphine.* Since the evidence all points to Elinor, they arrest her, charge her with murder.

Doctor Lord believes that the girl is innocent. He summons Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian criminal investigator, tells him what he knows of the case and implores him to find the guilty person. Poirot promises to investigate.

He begins by interviewing a number of witnesses. He learns that the dead girl had had only one enemy: Elinor Carlisle. He learns that Roddy Welman is a far deeper young man than his associates believe him to be. . . . At last, facing Elinor, he asks her bluntly if she is guilty. Elinor evades the question. Other questions follow. Finally, Elinor exclaims: "Will you ask me, again, did I kill Mary Gerrard?"

Poirot rises. "I shall ask you—nothing," he says quickly. "There are things I do not want to know. . . ."

VIII

DR. LORD met the train at the station as requested.

Hercule Poirot alighted from it. He looked very Londonified, and was wearing pointed patent leather shoes.

Peter Lord scrutinized his face anxiously, but Poirot was giving nothing away.

Peter Lord said: "I've done my best to get answers to your questions. First, Mary Gerrard left here for London on July 10th. Second, I haven't got a housekeeper—a couple of giggling girls run my house. I think you must mean Mrs. Slattery who was Ransome's (my predecessor's) housekeeper. I can take you to her this morning if you like. I've arranged that she shall be in."

Poirot said: "Yes, I think it would be as well if I saw her first."

"Then you said you wanted to go to Hunterbury. I could come with you there. It beats me why you haven't been there already. I can't think why you wouldn't go when you were down here before. I should have thought the first thing to be done in a case like this was to visit the place where the crime took place."

Holding his head a little on one side, Hercule Poirot inquired: "Why?"

Peter Lord was rather disconcerted by the question. "Isn't it the usual thing to do?"

Hercule Poirot said: "One does not practice detection with a textbook! One uses one's natural intelligence."

Peter Lord said: "You might find a clue of some sort there."

Poirot sighed. "You read too much detective fiction. Your police force in this country is quite admirable. I have no doubt that they searched the house and grounds most carefully."

"For evidence against Elinor Carlisle—not for evidence in her favor."

Poirot sighed. "My dear friend—it is not a monster—this police force! Elinor Carlisle was arrested because sufficient evidence was found to make out a case against her—a very strong case, I may say. It was useless for me to go over ground when the police have gone over it already."

"But you do want to go there now?" objected Peter.

Poirot said: "Yes—now it is necessary. Because now I know exactly what I am looking for. One must understand with the cells of one's brain before one uses one's eyes."

"Then you do think there might be—something—there still?"

Poirot said gently: "I have a little idea we shall find something—yes."

"Something to prove Elinor's innocence?"

"Ah, I did not say that."

Peter Lord stopped dead.

"You don't mean you still think she's guilty?"

Poirot said gravely: "You must wait, my friend, before you get an answer to that question."

POIROT lunched with the doctor in a pleasant square room with a window open onto the garden.

Lord said: "Did you get what you wanted out of old Slattery?"

Poirot nodded.

"Yes."

"What *did* you want with her?"

"Gossip! Talk about old days. Some crimes have their roots in the past—I think this one had."

Peter Lord said irritably: "I don't understand a word you are talking about."

Poirot smiled. He said: "This fish is deliciously fresh."

Lord said impatiently: "I dare say. I caught it myself before breakfast this morning. Look here, Poirot, am I to have any idea what you're driving at? Why keep me in the dark?"

The other shook his head.

"Because as yet there is no light. I am always brought up short by the fact that there was no one who had any reason to kill Mary Gerrard—except Elinor Carlisle."

(Continued on page 42)

She had gone back to the past—gone slowly back to the day when that miserable letter had come

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PAUL R

THOMAS

Roark Bradford, Jacques Wolfe and Paul Robeson, author, composer and star, respectively, of the music-drama John Henry

"Oh, he ain't John Henry
Nor John Henry's son—
But he'll be John Henry
Till John Henry come!"

PAUL ROBESON is John Henry. Or, to put it another way, John Henry is Paul Robeson. Naturally, the Paul Robeson referred to is the great stage, screen and concert star; and John Henry is the Negro hero-giant who comes from the heart of the Negro story-tellers.

The two will come together in the flesh, so to speak, when the play with music, John Henry, opens on Broadway this month. Then, the theatergoing public will have the opportunity to see demonstrated what many of us have known all along: Paul Robeson is John Henry and you can't stop him!

Paul Robeson is America's Number One Negro entertainer. His performance in Emperor Jones fixed him in that position as a dramatic actor; his performance in Showboat settled the matter of his place as a singing actor. Meanwhile, concert audiences had named him their favorite male Negro singer.

There have been, since, great Negro actors and singers who have sat upon the pinnacle for a brief moment. But when the final curtain falls upon a show in which some colored actor has achieved stardom, or when a concert artist has rounded the circuit and the electric thrill of the final note has died, there is still Paul Robeson.

"Maybe," says the Broadway producer, "we can get Robeson for our new show."

"Maybe," says the concert impresario, "we can get Robeson to sing next year."

The answer is, of course, that Paul Robeson is a great actor and singer.

Now, John Henry is pretty much the same proposition. He is, among other things, the best. Legendary giant Negro worker, the simple, moving tales that the older Negroes spin about him have that quality that our literary professors call folklore. John Henry comes to life wherever workers gather, and his exploits follow pretty much the same pattern: he can outwork, outfight and outlove any natural man. There is, in every version of song or story, that final duel in which John Henry pits muscle and bone against steam and steel, and works himself to death in the battle. He could be killed, but he couldn't be stopped. He was the best!

And so Paul Robeson has come back home to act and sing the role of John Henry, that Black River giant who is "six foot tall and his feet don't tech de ground." That's him! Paul John Henry Robeson and he's fixin' to travel!

There were, however, certain preliminaries before John Henry and Paul Robeson came together. There was, for instance, the matter of putting a book into a form which could be presented upon the stage. There was the matter of writing the music and also, as usual, the problem of rewriting the second act.

The music for John Henry, once it was completed, was no small factor in Mr. Robeson's decision. It was written by Jacques Wolfe of Shortenin' Bread and Glory Road fame. To those who listen it is simple and melodic. To musicians, Mr. Wolfe's music is something else. It is full of surprises, unusual chords, astonishing transitions and modulations.

At the outset, Mr. Wolfe was in New York and I was in New Orleans. At his suggestion I had recorded on wax records a number of the traditional "pop-outs" and work songs of the Southern Negro. Mr. Wolfe called this "thematic material."

Then Mr. Wolfe took a sabbatical and came to New Orleans. "I've about finished the first act," he said, "but there is something wrong with it." He is a quiet, mild individual with none of the unpleasant eccentricities that frequently accompany genius, but he was worried about the first-act music.

"Musicians tell me that Negro music cannot actually be written down," I said. "They talk about quarter tones and things."

"I've heard about that, too," he said.

"That's the trouble," I said. "To get

(Continued on page 45)

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Above: Abbreviated skirts will queen it on the courts this season. This one is piqué, full-skirt style. Below: Cotton one-piece play suit that could fall overboard and come up swimming. The separate play skirt, yards around the bottom, is for your less strenuous moments. The candy stripes, peppermint red or flag blue, will turn up everywhere

THEY GO FOR A SKIRT

BY AIMEE LARKIN

Here are the play clothes you'll be wearing this year. The girls are happily taking to skirts. All lengths . . . if your knees can take the spotlight. Pert six-inch ones like this

to wrap saucily about snug pants on leaving the water. Above-the-knee skirts

for the smart girl who plays tennis. Just covering the bend of the knee and perfect for an active girl golfer. Long, full skirts slip over your suit for glamor beside a pool or after the moonlight dip. Separate skirts to cover your shorts. Play skirts pleated, gored, circular, gathered—or cut circular and then gathered, eighteen inches short and how many yards around? They tie on, zip on, button, or snug into place thanks to a lastex waistband. They've stolen the show from the rest of your costume. Shoulders are so natural they're often your own. Fitted bodices or bras are topped by bolero or jacket or heavy knit sweater. With a parasol to ward off the sun. Swishing, swirling, flirting, skirts play under the sun. South today, North tomorrow.

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Above: Bathing suits prefer pert, flaring skirts. You can show off your own small waistline like the girl in the two-piece cotton suit at the left, or flatter it with controlling satin lastex middle like the girl in the Turkish toweling suit, right. Below: On the deck-chair girl, chalk-white rubber suit, embossed, is flared in best princesse style. With the growing popularity of nighttime bathing comes the new full-length skirt to slip over your lastex shorts. This one is jersey with matching bra, of a sun yellow to eclipse the moon, but you'll find them in all colors and brilliant dashing prints, in both one- and two-piece ensembles

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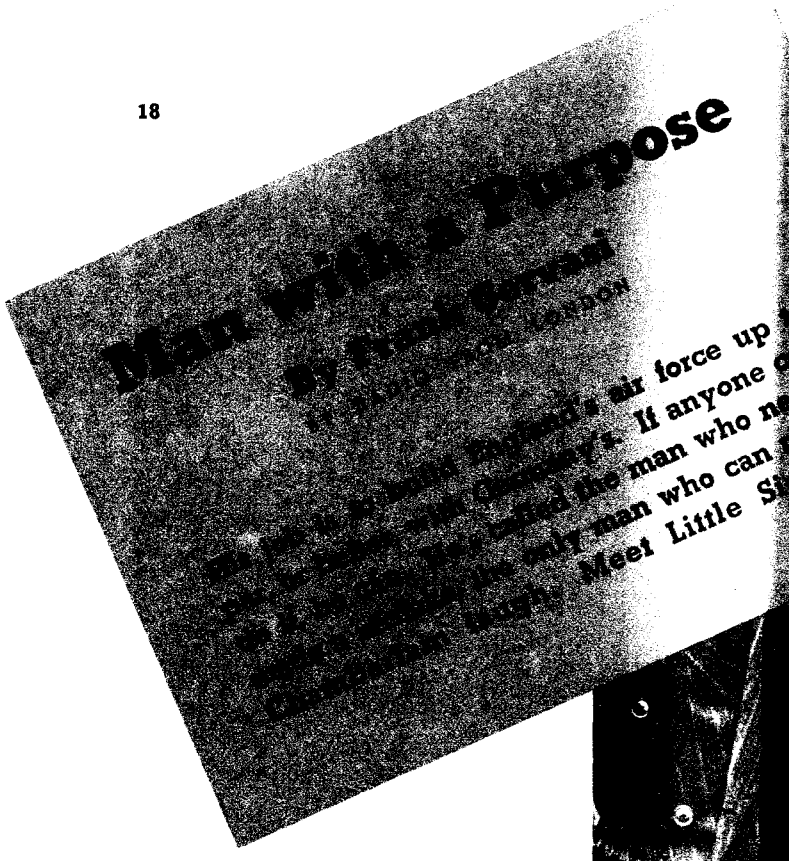

IF YOU were to ask an Englishman to name a man who could build a pipe line under the Atlantic Ocean from New York to London, he would look at you dubiously, of course, and might even politely tell you, and very properly too, that you were slightly nuts.

But if you persisted in pursuing the subject, your questionee would say something like this:

"Well now, I know it can't be done. But if there's any man who can do it, it would be Little KW."

"Little KW" is Sir Kingsley Wood, Air Minister and, since 1918, right honorable member of Parliament from Woolwich West, the cool-browed chap who turned a political pork barrel called the General Post Office into the British government's biggest profit-making enterprise and whose job now is to build up Britain's air force to such a point in numbers, efficiency and strength that it will cause Hermann Goering to lose weight.

Sir Kingsley is as small, precise and puritanical as Goering is big, bulgy and Rabelaisian. To compare the two would be to compare a dry-point etching to a Maxfield Parrish calendar. It would take five Kingsleys to balance the scale with one Goering, but if there were some kind of instrument capable of measuring something called "organizing genius," Little KW would at least match the Nazi superman who is his opposite number.

Wood is very sensitive about his shortness. He stands barely five feet five from the floor in his socks, provided he throws his shoulders back and keeps his chin in. His wife keeps reminding him that after all Napoleon wasn't so big either, but it doesn't do much good. He feels an Air Minister, and especially a wartime cabineteer, ought to fill a desk chair adequately without having to sit on a couple of telephone books.

Sir Kingsley is not an engineer. He probably could not build that New York to London subsea pipe line. But he would know whom to choose to do the work for him quickly, quietly and with minimum loss of time and effort.

Physically he is a cherubic little man, a study in gray. He's got sparse gray hair, combed high on the left side, well brushed to combat an embarrassing tendency to angelic curliness. His eyes are blue-gray, flecked with brown, and behind those horn-rimmed specs of his they can be as cold as frozen helium. He has a spiky little mustache cultivated to give severity to a full-lipped mouth. He looks on occasion like any good cartoonist's conception of John Q. Citizen.

BRITISH PRESS COMBINE

Air Minister Sir Kingsley Wood inspects a British gas-operated machine gun

He is a parson's son. His father was just plain Arthur Wood, Wesleyan minister, and he was born in 1881. Today he sits on the treasury bench of the House of Commons, to the right of the Prime Minister, and he is one of the few men who can make Neville laugh.

When last year Chamberlain scrapped appeasement for rearmament he had a difficult task to face. He knew better than any other man in the government that Britain's air force was inferior in power at least to that of "the logical enemy," Germany. As Air Minister he had to have a man capable of achieving the seemingly impossible within a short space of time, and in May, 1938, he picked the then Minister of Health—Kingsley Wood.

Chamberlain didn't pick him because Wood was the best Minister of Health England has ever had, but because of Wood's amazing career as politician and organizer. He is the only man in the cabinet who has never made a mistake.

His record in office and as Parliamentary Secretary is unblemished by such debacles as Munich or by such historic bloomers as the Hoare-Laval Plan. People remember him as the man who gave them social insurance legislation and who saved them millions in taxation by organizing the old General Post Office into a paying outfit. When Wood took over the Post Office in 1931 it was costing the government millions yearly for maintenance. When Wood left five years later, in 1935, the Post Office had paid into the government treasury a total sum of sixty million pounds net profit.

The post offices throughout the country were dismal affairs of a dirty yellow-brown, in which slatterns worked behind barred cages, looking and acting like animals. Post offices were places you went into to get a stamp and got out of as quickly as possible.

Wood made a rapid tour of the provincial and metropolitan post offices and

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then pronounced himself: "People can't work in such places and people won't come into them. Tear them all down. Clear out all political appointees."

Part of the G.P.O.'s functions is the operation of the telephone and telegraph. Kingsley reduced tolls to the point where the services are within reach of the poorest Englishman. He introduced cheap night calls. He found that wires were clear of traffic between seven at night and seven in the morning. He invented the shilling call, available from any point within the United Kingdom to any other. Kingsley Wood's name was on the lips of every man in the British Isles within a fortnight after the introduction of this service. The call became known as "the Kingsley bobsworth," a "bob" being a shilling, equivalent, roughly, to twenty American cents.

A Gift for a Pal

Kingsley is a discreet man. Once, as Postmaster General, he received a letter from a housewife residing in Halifax. She wrote that she had said goodby to her husband at the station where he had taken a train for London. A few days later, she wrote, she received a letter from friend hubby postmarked Brighton, and she wanted to know how come —was the G.P.O. so inefficient it couldn't postmark letters properly?

Kingsley spotted the circumstances instantly. Hubby had stopped off at the seaside resort on something other than business, and had carelessly mailed from there a letter he intended to post from London. Too cover up the unfaithful husband's extracurricular activities, Kingsley wrote the worried wife a personal letter explaining that something had gone wrong with the mails but that it would never happen again; that he had made a personal, official investigation.

A few days later Kingsley received a gold watch and a letter from the unnamable husband. The watch was engraved, "With thanks," and Kingsley takes it out occasionally to remind himself that discretion is always the better part of valor.

It is reasonable to question Wood's aptitude as Air Minister merely on his performance as Postmaster General but it might make his qualifications clearer if one remembers that Wood was so good he became the first G.P.O. chief to be made a cabinet minister.

He began his professional life as a barrister, passing his exams in 1903, and won fame as "that little family lawyer." He was knighted in 1918. He made no bones about it—he wanted to get to the top and was explicit, if not dramatic, in his occasional speeches regarding what he would do if he ever became a minister in the cabinet.

Playing strictly conservative party lines, he was the first to yelp loudly for the installation of a Ministry of Health, well aware of the sad sociological conditions in the poorer sections of England and the backwardness of the country generally as a land where change is slow, painful and undesired by the lower and middle classes.

The ministry was finally created and he became its parliamentary secretary from 1919 to 1922 and again from 1924 to 1939, meanwhile plugging hard for social legislation such as the National Insurance scheme, similar to the American one, guaranteeing disability and old-age pensions.

He was Minister of Health from 1935 to 1938 after serving as Postmaster General.

Appointing him Air Minister was, next to the inclusion of Winston Churchill in the War Cabinet, one of the smartest things ascetic Neville Chamberlain ever did. With Winston at the Admiralty, Chamberlain succeeded somehow in making Britain's avowed intention to crush Hitlerism sound meaningful and sincere. Wood's entry into the Air Ministry was like giving it a powerful stimulant. A few weeks after Wood took over from Viscount Swinton, who frankly didn't know a spark plug from a propeller hub, Little KW had plane production up to several hundred monthly, and by now Britain is rolling out a remarkable number of planes, with construction limited to a few outstanding essential types instead of scattering the nation's industrial energies building fancy but generally unflyable machines. Sir Kingsley Wood has done a magnificent job in speeding up airplane production and that is as much as I am permitted by the censor to say.

Wood works well over twelve hours daily, reaching his office about ten each morning and leaving some time after midnight. He is fond of flying but cannot pilot a plane. He makes frequent trips to the secret air bases in France and England.

I met Wood on one of his flying trips "Somewhere in France." He has a trick of cocking his head to one side and peering intently into one's eyes while listening to what one has to say. On parting he takes both one's hands in his to shake hands—if he likes you.

He is partial to gray sharkskin suits, simply but unimpressively tailored. He wears black plain-brimmed hats placed squarely atop his small head.

The Underdog's Friend

It was raining pitchforks and hammer handles when he arrived. The courtyard outside headquarters was a squashy morass of sodden leaves and mud. He watched Aircraftsman X slog through, head lowered against the slanting rain.

When the aircraftsman passed a group surrounding Wood, the Air Minister called out, "I say there, how do you like the weather?"

The aircraftsman—he was a mechanic, judging from his greasy hands and grimy face—called back, "Lousy, thanks. I'd rather be in Yorkshire." Then he saw whom he was addressing and snapped to attention, splattering rain on everybody from his glistening poncho.

Wood smiled and went to the man and said, "Everything all right? You happy here?"

A sergeant standing by glared at the aircraftsman who gleefully replied, "Everything's all right, Sor, but me boots leak." Next morning the aircraftsman got new boots. Wood had noted the sergeant's glare and thereafter in his tour of inspection talked to men privately and out of earshot of subalterns or officers. He made his secretary jot down notes on the men's complaints and within twenty-four hours RAFers were getting butter instead of oleomargarine, real jam instead of treacle, their straw was changed in the billets and their morale generally was up 250 per cent.

The Woods are childless and have filled their home at Tunbridge Wells, Kent, with evacuated children from the poorest areas of London. They have an adopted daughter.

No orator in the theatrical sense, Sir Kingsley makes a capable speech, reading from a carefully prepared manuscript. Nevertheless, he is spoken of in England today as the Lloyd George of the Second World War—this largely because, like Lloyd George, KW rose from lower-class mediocrity to become a leader of men. Somewhere along the way in this new war, KW may learn the technique of public oratory. If he does he may become Prime Minister.

"I RAISE YOU TWO NEUTRALS"

DRAWN BY **LOW** FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

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The Heart and the Hands

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

His heart was all right. It was imagination that beat him—and saved him—in the end

THE word had spread even to the freshman dorm where he proctored and they, too, had kidded him—respectfully. At the medical fraternity house where he ate, the kidding was only a little less respectful and his name had become suddenly "The Battler." Something nameless made him disconsolate in the evening and he walked in the mist-filled streets instead of studying.

At the corner of Church and Chapel streets the newsboys were yelling it mournfully with the other headlines. "Yale Medical Student Revealed as ex-Fighter," the head on the two-column front-page box said. Joe Hayden felt it was all unnecessary. He turned west on White Street and went into a bar the wealthier students frequented. He needed a drink, even if he couldn't afford these prices. The need had come on him suddenly. Sitting alone at one of the small tables in front of the seatless bar, he was half finished with the whisky and soda when he felt them watching him and turned and saw them.

More exactly, he saw her and then the man with her, Laird Oakley, a class ahead of them, and the girl called Ann Shore, in his own class, whose father was "Shore of Boston." Oakley's face, tolerant and amused, annoyed Joe Hayden. The girl's face was neither and now Joe was grateful to her. He had felt other things about her in the past two years but never grateful. She smiled a little as she caught his eyes. Then she spoke to Oakley.

"Come on over and sit with us, Hayden," Oakley said.

Joe hesitated, then walked to their table. He looked at Oakley because he was afraid that if he looked at Ann Shore she would see in his face more than he wanted her or anyone else to see. It had been that way ever since he had first seen her at the lectures of their freshman year in the medical school. To dismay him, it had not been enough that she should be beautiful and an exceptional student; her father was what the medical students, in one of their rare gestures of respect, called "Shore of Boston," a great surgeon.

It had all been too much for him, fresh from western Pennsylvania, the first from his little college to be admitted to the School of Medicine at Yale. She had spoken to him in the dissecting room and at the lectures, the impersonal talk of those places, but Joe had pressed no advantages if they were that. He had come a long way up from the mines, he knew, and he was like a gambler unwilling to push his luck. But he had known no women like her. That thought was always with him.

"How's the Battler tonight?" Oakley said, smiling tolerantly. Joe didn't have to answer him. Ann Shore was looking at him levelly, her smile different in quality from Oakley's.

"Is it true," she said, "or was someone just trying to fashion a headline for the New Haven papers?"

"I guess it is," Joe said. "I boxed some before I went to college. They didn't have any team there and I fought outside. Preliminaries and so on."

"This McCord who manages Nick Penucci, the new welterweight champion," Oakley said, "thinks you would have been challenging Penucci if you hadn't gone to med school."

Joe put his head on one side in the curious gesture of doubt and restraint. Then a waiter came and said that Oakley was wanted on the phone.

"Why do you think this McCord mentioned you in that story?" Ann Shore said. "It was really an interview about his new champion."

JOE wanted to tell her why; he felt that telling her why would help. Oakley came back. "I'm on call at the hospital tonight," he said. "I've got to get over there right away. Get your coat on, Ann, and I'll run you home."

Her hesitation was barely noticeable. "It'll make you late, Laird," she said. "Hayden here can take me home. Not that I need to be taken home."

"Whatever you want," Oakley said. He didn't like it.

When Oakley had gone, Ann said: "I was asking you why McCord mentioned you in that interview."

"Oh, just for old-times' sake," Joe said. "I knew Mac a long time—" He stopped sharply. "No, that's not it." He looked at her. "It's hard trying to be a wise guy when one is near you. . . . I know why McCord did it. He knows my family back in Pennsylvania and so he knows that I'm broke. This was maybe McCord's way of telling me to leave medicine alone and go into the ring under his management. That's what he wanted before I came here."

"Are you really that good as a boxer?"

"Most people think I am," he said, looking again at his hand on the glass. The hand was long and too slender. "That's not a coy way of telling you I'm good. That's the way it is. Most people think I am that good. Only I know I'm not."

"I don't understand."

"I don't imagine you would. It's hard to understand if you don't know the racket. Prize fighting has been romanticized so. Listen—all great fighters come from poverty. . . . You've got to be insensitive to pain—both your own and the other man's. You've got to be so constituted and conditioned by your early life that fighting is your first, not your second, nature." He stopped, still watching his hand.

"So I'm a good boxer," he went on. "Two things only I haven't got." He smiled curiously. "See, I even talk sometimes like the boys do. I haven't got the heart and I haven't got the hands."

For the first time since he had begun to talk he looked at her in a movement sudden to both of them. In the look he betrayed himself; and briefly it betrayed her.

"You have lovely hands," she said. She colored. "I mean you have fine hands for a surgeon. They say you *are* going to be a good surgeon." Her voice had suddenly taken on the quality of a child's trying to prove its point by insistence.

"THAT'S it," he said, looking down. "Too lovely for the prize ring." Inside him something like triumph beat and waved like a banner. He remembered the long series of wins, his hand, gloved, held up into the light beating down on many rings. They had not been like this, like her words, her sudden flush, had made him feel. He knew suddenly that you try to hold onto such a moment, and suddenly, too, he was standing. "Let's get out of this," he said.

They did not speak as he helped her into her coat. He paid the check and left a tip, and with her went into the street, touching with something not quite irony the nickel he had left in his pocket. The air was cooler than he remembered it. "I have no car," he said.

"I want to walk," she said, and did not look at him. It was not until they were near the graduate dorms that they spoke. "And what are you going to do?" she said.

"I don't know. My money's gone. I can last until the two-year exams next month. My brother hasn't been in the mines in months. I owe him plenty anyhow. I don't know what I'm going to do. Probably I'll go back to the ring this summer. I'll stay out of school a year and then have enough saved to finish the last two years."

"And perhaps ruin your hands."

He shrugged. "It's either that or not using them at all in medicine."

"Aren't there scholarships—or something?"

"It's a little late for that now. And I don't know whether I'm quite that smart. Nothing but the biggest scholarship would help. Already I'm holding down as much of a job as I can without hurting my work."

"You proctor freshmen in one of the halls on the Old Campus, don't you?"

"That and some work in the labs."

They were at the long row of old houses where most of the girl medical students lived. He knew the graduate students were allowed to have visitors when they pleased, but he was like a gambler again, unwilling to push his luck. The moment was almost gone.

She held out a hand, slender, definite.

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"Thank you for taking me home, Hayden," she said. It was all gone now, he knew. She was sorry for the moment of intimacy and she was telling him he should forget about it. He remembered that he didn't like the girl students' affectation of calling the men by their untitled last names. Anger was in him, sudden and hot. She was talking, but the flash of anger had made him miss some of it. "—hope you can work something out. It would be a shame to have to quit now."

He knew he should say something, but he only stood there, not quite angry, knowing there were none like her and that she was not for him. "Good night," she said. He had dropped her hand, but his silence and face, strange and dark in the faint light, did something to her voice. Then, in a kind of desperation, he was holding her roughly and kissing her.

She met his lips quietly and when he released her his mind was more confused, not less. She was looking at him and he thought that her face might be sorrowful; he knew too little of women to read more, if there was more in that face; then he had turned and was walking away.

After that she was always with him in thought. Physically, he avoided her. He kept telling himself that the more he saw of her the more acute his feeling would grow, and that she was not for him. There was only May to get by and then to National Boxing exams and he would be on his way back to the place where coal dust had left its mark on all things, even the children, and she would be on her way to Gloucester or Bar Harbor. . . .

THE exams passed him by in a kind of stupor, lit up by flashes of this new and highly specialized knowledge: discuss the metastasis of malignant tumors . . . and something about the nervous system of the arm. He was feckless after the sixth and last exam and went back to his room, expecting to leave the next morning, but he slept through that morning and on into the afternoon. He was still stupid with sleep when the undergraduate who lived across from him in the entry handed him a note. "Came by messenger this noon."

Joe stared at the unfamiliar handwriting. He thought that it might be from Ann Shore, but then he associated her with all things in these days. . . .

She would like to see him before he left, she wrote; would he call her that afternoon? Joe closed his eyes. He was still weak from the exams; the lack of nervous energy left him depressed. It would not be a good thing to see her, he decided. As it was she knew he would think too much of her that summer. . . .

In Scranton, a month later, a stocky boy rushed at Joe across a strip of brightly lighted canvas and Joe didn't jab. Some reflex let his right move out in a straight line and the stocky boy straightened up, his eyes already blank, then dropped forward on his face and rolled over once from his own delayed momentum. And in Pittsburgh another, rangier boy forgot once to keep his right glove high and Joe Hayden touched him crisply on the jaw with a left hook and watched him crumple, the knees going first.

The summer was hot and strange, but Joe had found, among other things, a way to forget. He was going up the hard way, the ten-dollar-a-round way.

ON LABOR DAY in Philadelphia, he knocked out Young Stuley, who had been a champion when he was young, and they gave McCord a hundred and fifty dollars and McCord gave Joe a hundred of that. And a man from Boston said he would like Joe to fight a ten in the Boston Garden. Boston was too near New Haven and other things and Joe said no.

McCord came into the hotel room later.

"I ain't in this fah my health," he said. "What's the mattah with fighting in the Boston Garden?"

"I thought you wanted me to come up slow," Joe hedged.

"This Bruletier, this Canadian he ain't much," McCord said. "You're gonna fight him."

"All right," Joe said. McCord left him there, looking out the window of a cheap Philadelphia hotel, the electric fan droning in his ears. . . .

"If we could see you after the fight," Ann said. Joe felt his head shake. "I'm leaving immediately after," he told her

Joe sat in the dressing room before the fight, the towel over his chest and neck, the bathrobe over all of him, and intricately wrapped his own hands and fingers. He had his own theories about this and it was one thing McCord would not argue with him. McCord and Abe Edwards, the trainer, and Nick Penucci stayed in one corner, whispering.

Penucci answered a knock on the door and when he opened it whistled in an undertone. Joe could see his face change gradually until it was almost one of respect. Penucci closed the door and went over and whispered to McCord.

"Nick says some dame outside the door wants to talk to you," McCord said to Joe.

Joe walked to the door. He opened it and could not speak. Ann Shore stood there, lovelier than he had remembered, her face delicately tanned, her hair gathered up effortlessly about her head, the level eyes unreadable but kind. There was a tall, older man with her, but Joe hardly saw him.

(Continued on page 32)

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Glamor Girl In Your Home

By Meyer Levin

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Romance of a girl who had what Hollywood wants— but almost lost her man

Suddenly she felt the light on her face. "Heavens!" she thought. "I must look terrible"

LAVERNE knew she was not really beautiful; the way she analyzed her features, her eyes were too close together, though they were large eyes, almost as large as Loretta Young's, and her nose was too short and pudgy—though her kid sister Nellie said it was cute, like Sonja Henie's. One good thing was her complexion; her skin was eggshell-white and as delicate as Anita Louise's. Except her hands. Laverne hated her hands, on account of the knuckles were crinkled.

So she made her fingernails with quarter-inch points and always wore the latest color nail polish, to call attention away from her knuckles.

Mike made fun of her fingernails, especially when the points broke, as they often did, for there were seven kids at home and her mother was much too sick with arthritis to do any housework any more.

Another thing wrong with Mike: he refused to call her Laverne. He kept on calling her Lottie, her name from when she was a kid; and she stood for it, just from him. She called him Michael, though.

She figured she would refine him after they were married.

Two years, now, they had had the joint account. They started it when she had the job in the inspection department, and he was getting five days a week in the twelve-inch mill. Laverne never mentioned the account to her girl friends, though, because it was not a very romantic way to have a romance. And maybe, vaguely, something more alluring than Mike would come along, all of a sudden.

It was certainly not alluring to save up for married life by a joint account two dollars a week; it was a kind of dumb way to do things; kind of like the old folks might have done.

But then the mill cut down on the inspection department; they got some kind of electric eye that detected the flaws in the glittering sheets of metal quicker than a girl's eyes could catch them. And she would have had to stay home to take care of the house anyway because her mother got worse. And Mike got cut down to two days a week in the mill, slack times, but he still doggedly put a dollar into the account every once in a while, instead of taking her to a show.

It was on such a week when he hadn't taken her to a picture show and she was simply dying to see how Claudette Colbert looked with that new hair-do, that week, come Thursday, she simply had to get out of the house and bolster herself, so she decided to take a quarter from the house money, and even go to a movie by herself.

The idea alone was enough to put some life in her, and she spent the early part of the afternoon fixing herself up, fixing her lashes and her eyebrow line and using a touch of mystery-giving eyeshadow and a new paintbrush lip color. Her hair was in a long bob with fluffy ends, but she was not satisfied with the brow line. Maybe she would get an idea, from the picture.

They had a new kind of stunt at the Trianon; just as you came into the lobby, there was a klieg light, and a camera, and as you handed over your ticket the light went on and the camera buzzed.

You couldn't be sure it was taking your picture, though. The trick was: that camera took only six pictures each week, though the light went on and the camera buzzed for every customer. The six pictures were like a bank night. On Saturday night those lucky photos were flashed on the screen and if your picture was flashed on the screen, and you were in the theater, you got a prize. On five of the pictures the prize was five dollars each; but the sixth picture was the real lucky one. That got the jack pot.

Laverne had forgotten about the machine until she was practically through the turnstile, for she was walking with that remote, straight-ahead stare that a girl should have when she is going somewhere, like to the movies, alone. But suddenly she felt the klieg light on her face. "Heavens!" she thought. "I must look terrible!" She tried to open her eyes wide so they wouldn't look so close together, and to pull up her smile so her teeth would show, like on movie stars. It was probably too late.

But, anyway, nine hundred ninety-nine chances out of a thousand the camera wasn't even working; so after she got inside she stopped worrying.

THAT was the week the orders for steel for the war in Europe began to come through, so Mike got four days' work instead of two. Furthermore, the movie had been a double feature and the second picture was Sonja Henie, and Laverne studied her hair-do real carefully, as it might be adaptable to herself because of the pudgy nose. It was real girlish, a long bob with fluffy ends like her own, but the brow line was different. When she got home Laverne called her kid sister Nellie and both of them got right to work and they made that hair-do perfect and it was real cute.

The wonder of it was, Mike even noticed the change, on Saturday. "You look different, kid," he said. Coming from Michael, that was a sensation, as once, for the heck of it, she had tried a henna rinse and had to call attention to the change.

Mike was feeling good. "I heard they're gonna put us on five days, in a couple of weeks," he said. "Hey, if they do that, I'm going to start putting in two dollars like we used to. Your share too."

"Don't be a goof, Michael. You can't put in my share. That isn't fair."

"Well, we're getting no place fast," he said. "Know how much we got?"

She knew. After the times he had insisted she draw out money for a specialist for her mother, and the times she had insisted he draw out money to pay his rent— But she let him say it. "We got eighty-seven bucks. I ain't gonna start up a house on credit."

But she figured, if it took them two years to get that far, when would they ever have enough to buy a special complete four rooms for one hundred eighty dollars, modern or period, as advertised at Gardener's?

(Continued on page 36)

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Of All Leading Dentifrices...

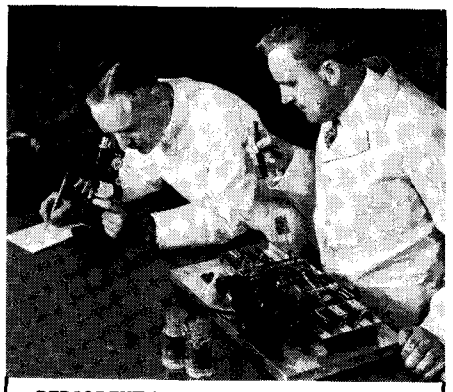
Pepsodent Alone Now Has American Dental Association Seal of Acceptance!

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS

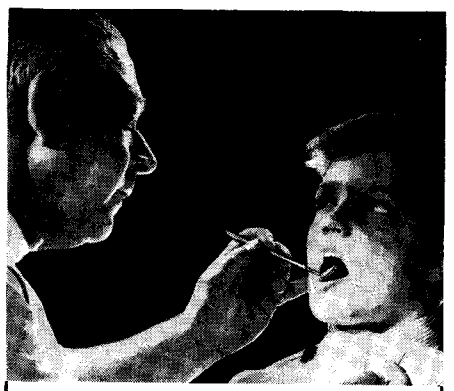
43,000 DENTISTS stand back of this "Seal of Acceptance"

Representing 43,000 Dentists, the A. D. A. Council on Dental Therapeutics award their coveted "Seal of Acceptance" to All 3 Forms of Pepsodent dentifrices

NO QUESTIONABLE DENTIFRICE COULD STAND UP UNDER SUCH STRICT TESTS... LOOK WHAT WENT ON BEHIND THE SCENES BEFORE PEPSODENT GOT THE PRIZED A.D.A. SEAL OF ACCEPTANCE!



PEPSODENT SPENT OVER $1,000,000 TO DEVELOP PRESENT PEPSODENT FORMULAS The abrasiveness of every ingredient is tested to keep Pepsodent among the *least* abrasive of dentifrices.



PEPSODENT MADE THOUSANDS OF CLINICAL TESTS . . . DENTAL SCHOOLS COOPERATED. Reports uniformly showed that Pepsodent dentifrices are remarkably effective—and *safe*.

OUTSIDE INDEPENDENT LABORATORIES DOUBLE-CHECKED PEPSODENT FINDINGS ...These tests *proved* all claims and showed that they are conservative—and *sound*.

THE PUBLIC PASSES ON PEPSODENT. *Folks like you*—thousands of them—representing every type of dental condition—checked all Pepsodent formulas for *effectiveness*.

All 3 Forms of Pepsodent containing Irium get A. D. A. Seal of Acceptance

■ The A. D. A. Council on Dental Therapeutics checked every formula, every test, every claim made in advertising. PEPSODENT PASSED ON ALL COUNTS...and was then awarded the prized Seal of Acceptance by the Council representing 43,000 dentists! That's why we believe that SAFE PEPSODENT is the kind of dentifrice that *dentists* want you to use... whether you prefer tooth *paste*, tooth *powder*, or a *liquid* dentifrice.

SAFETY FIRST... Demand Pepsodent!

1. Pepsodent Tooth Paste, Tooth Powder, and Liquid Dentifrice are SAFE—the *only* Council-accepted dentifrices among the leading sellers.

2. Only Pepsodent has all 3 containing IRIUM—Pepsodent's patented, *more* effective ingredient.

3. Your dentist knows how effective IRIUM is—it is described in "Accepted Dental Remedies" as PURIFIED ALKYL SULFATE.

4. Pepsodent makes no exaggerated advertising claims.

5. Pepsodent contains NO BLEACH, NO GRIT, NO DRUGS.

6. Pepsodent is unsurpassed in EFFECTIVENESS.

ALL 3 ARE SAFE... ALL 3 CONTAIN IRIUM ...So take your choice!

★ THIS ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN APPROVED BY THE A. D. A. COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS.

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Home Budgeting Made Easy

SPENDING money is a great pleasure but a good many people find *saving* money a pleasure too.

Have *you* determined the proper balance between spending and saving in your household? Perhaps the "*Family Spending Guide*" can help you.

This new kind of "budget" book, prepared by THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK, is a simple but attractive 36 page aid to family accounting. It has been made available to those who are discussing life insurance plans with MUTUAL LIFE agency representatives or who may wish to discuss such plans in the future.

If you receive a card from one of these representatives mentioning the "*Family Spending Guide*", take advantage of this free offer and *welcome* the one who calls to bring it. Or write at once to the address below and it will be supplied to you promptly.

The Mutual Life
Insurance Company of New York
34 Nassau Street, New York

FIRST POLICY ISSUED FEBRUARY 1, 1843

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Saddle and Ride

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

The Story Thus Far:

CLAY MORGAN, a young ranchman in the Powder Desert country, marries pretty Lila Durrie. From that moment on, he has a bitter enemy: Ben Herendeen, who had regarded Lila as his fiancée. . . . Dying, after the birth of a baby girl, Lila confesses to Clay that she had always regretted her choice of a husband—that she had really loved Herendeen. After which, Clay hates Ben Herendeen.

No serious trouble breaks out, however, until Clay's daughter, Janet, is nine. Then the two men clash. Herendeen announces that a number of homesteaders, who have settled on free government land, must leave the country. He proceeds to force some of them out. Whereupon, Clay—who disapproves strongly of persecuting penniless families, on the verge of starvation—warns Herendeen that he had better move with care, or else—

Herendeen says that he simply wants to clean the country up. He says that there are too many cattle rustlers about; and he names Hack Breathitt (an itinerant cowboy whom Clay admires) as one of them. Disregarding an order to move on, Breathitt remains near Powder Desert. And when two of Herendeen's men—Bones McGeen and Liard Connor—attack him, he shoots and kills Connor; then, riding into the near-by hills, he goes into hiding.

Two girls are in love with Clay Morgan: Ann McGarrah (with whom he frequently leaves Janet) and Catherine Grant, whose brother, Gurd (for years a close friend of Clay), finally decides to string along with Herendeen. Listening to the gossip about them, both girls know that Clay is in peril—that Herendeen is planning to ruin him, or perhaps even kill him. They try to warn Clay. But Clay takes their warnings lightly.

Some government land, near the little town of War Pass, is sold at auction. It is sold to Clay Morgan—not, however, until Clay has learned that a number of men, obeying Herendeen's orders, had conspired to deprive him of the opportunity to bid.

By this time, it is common knowledge that a feud has broken out between Herendeen, owner of Three Pines, and Clay Morgan, of Long Seven. The whole country awaits developments, breathlessly. . . . Clay rides into the hills. It is night. He is alone. A man—mounted—halts him. The man is Bones McGeen. Clay orders him to get off the trail, and let him pass. McGeen refuses to do so. Clay leans over, and catches McGeen around the waist. As he tugs at the man, the two horses mill about wildly and McGeen's gun is fired in the struggle.

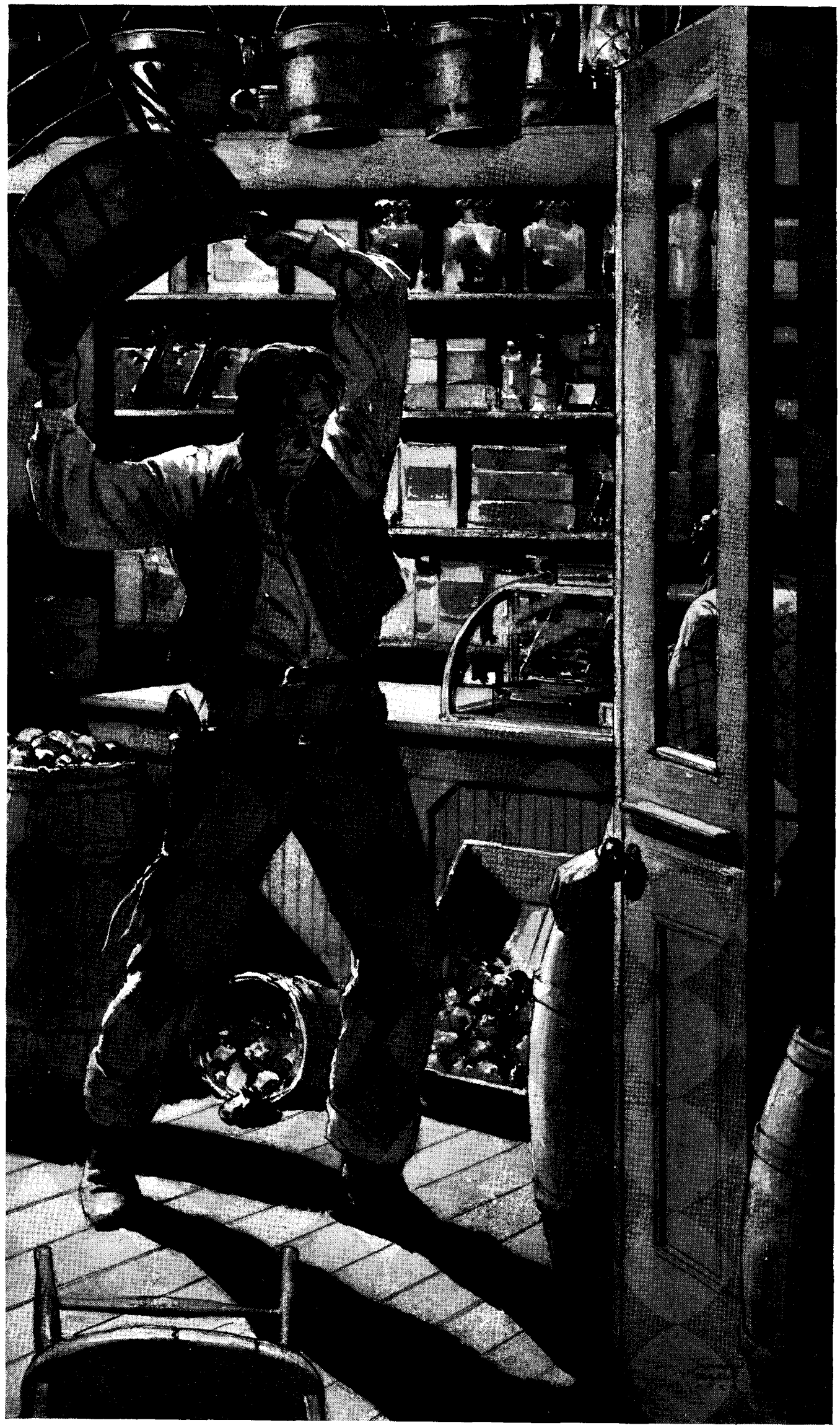
V

McGEEN'S shot struck somewhere in the high trees. Morgan used his spurs, still holding McGeen. He dragged McGeen out of the saddle as he plunged forward; he carried McGeen like this, McGeen slipping lower and lower in his arms until the man's feet were hitting the ground. Morgan's pony broke into a run, excited by the bumping of McGeen's legs, and at last rushed down the trail at a dead bolt. McGeen strangled up a yell and made a huge effort to get free, which was the moment Morgan let go, dropping McGeen flat. He was a hundred yards away before McGeen tried a shot. The bullet slashed into a pine. Bones' cursing rose to a fever pitch.

Morgan called back, "The ride was free, Bones."

He was pleased with the meeting. It whetted his appetite for trouble, it released some of the rankling anger, and so he ran on with the bending and undulating trail until, from a high ledge of the hills, he saw the lights of Freeport glittering in a canyon below.

(Continued on page 37)



Herendeen seized a chair. He swung it over his head and hurled it at Morgan

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1940 Box Score C

New "One-Two" way to get more car for your money. ❶ See the 1940 Quality Chart to learn how "All Three" low-priced cars compare in size, safety, comfort, long life. ❷ Take Plymouth's Luxury Ride to discover new riding smoothness and new performance that will utterly delight you!

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH IN 1940
THE NEW EASY "ONE-TWO" WAY

1—SEE THE QUALITY CHART FOR FACTS

+

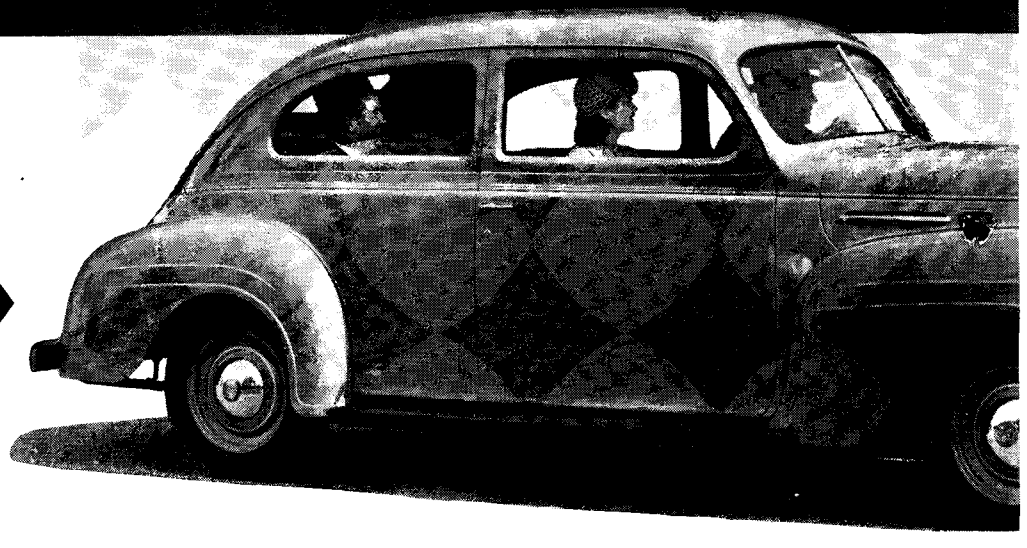
2—TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE FOR PROOF

THE 1940

A Comparison of "All Three" Low-P

Here's How "All Three" Low-Priced Cars Compare in the 22 Important Features Found in High-Priced Cars— *Plymouth has 21 Car "2" has 11 Car "3" has 8*	1. 117-inch or Longer Wheelbase	2. Hydraulic Brakes	3. "L-Head" Engine Design	4. Aluminum Alloy Pistons	5. Four Rings Per Piston	6. Chain Cam
$2245 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YE
$2090 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YE
$1685 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YE
LOW-PRICED PLYMOUTH	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YE
LOW-PRICED CAR "2"	NO	YES	YES	NO	NO	NO	YE
LOW-PRICED CAR "3"	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	YE

PLYMOUTH IS MO



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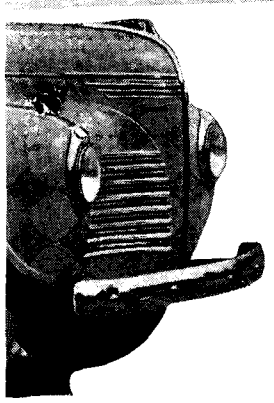
f "ALL 3" Quality!

QUALITY CHART_

ced Cars with Leading High-Priced Cars in Quality Features

Drive	Sealed Beam Headlamps	8. Automatic Choke	9. Precision-Type Lower Connecting Rod Bearings	10. Pressure Lubrication of Lower Connecting Rod Bearings	11. Valve Tappet Adjustment	12. All-Silent Transmission	13. Roller Bearings on Transmission Countershaft	14. Steering Post Gearshift	15. X-Braced Frame	16. Four Chassis Springs	17. Independent Front Wheel Suspension	18. Four Double-Acting Shock Absorbers	19. Hotchkiss Drive	20. Roller Bearing Universal Joints	21. Hypoid Rear Axle	22. Tapered Roller Differential Bearing	TOTAL
ES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	22
ES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	22
0	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	21
0	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES			11
0	NO	NO	YES	YES	NO	YES*	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES	YES	NO			8

T LIKE THE HIGH-PRICED CARS



THE BRILLIANT 1940 PLYMOUTH is changing car-buying habits everywhere... because of its pronounced lead in style, size, ride, and fundamental value.

This year, *high-priced* cars resemble each other on 22 important quality features. And Plymouth is the only one of "All 3" *low-priced* cars that gives you the majority of these features—more, in fact, than the other two *combined!*

One glance at the 1940 Plymouth tells you it's truly the low-priced beauty. Its Luxury Ride bears out what you see on the 1940 Quality Chart—Plymouth is the one *low-priced* car most like the *high-priced* cars.

See this astonishing chart at your nearby Plymouth dealer's today—and be sure to take the Luxury Ride!

SEE THE 1940 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL PICK-UP AND PANEL DELIVERY—ALSO OUTSTANDING VALUES IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S. NETWORK, THURS., 9 TO 10 P.M., E.S.T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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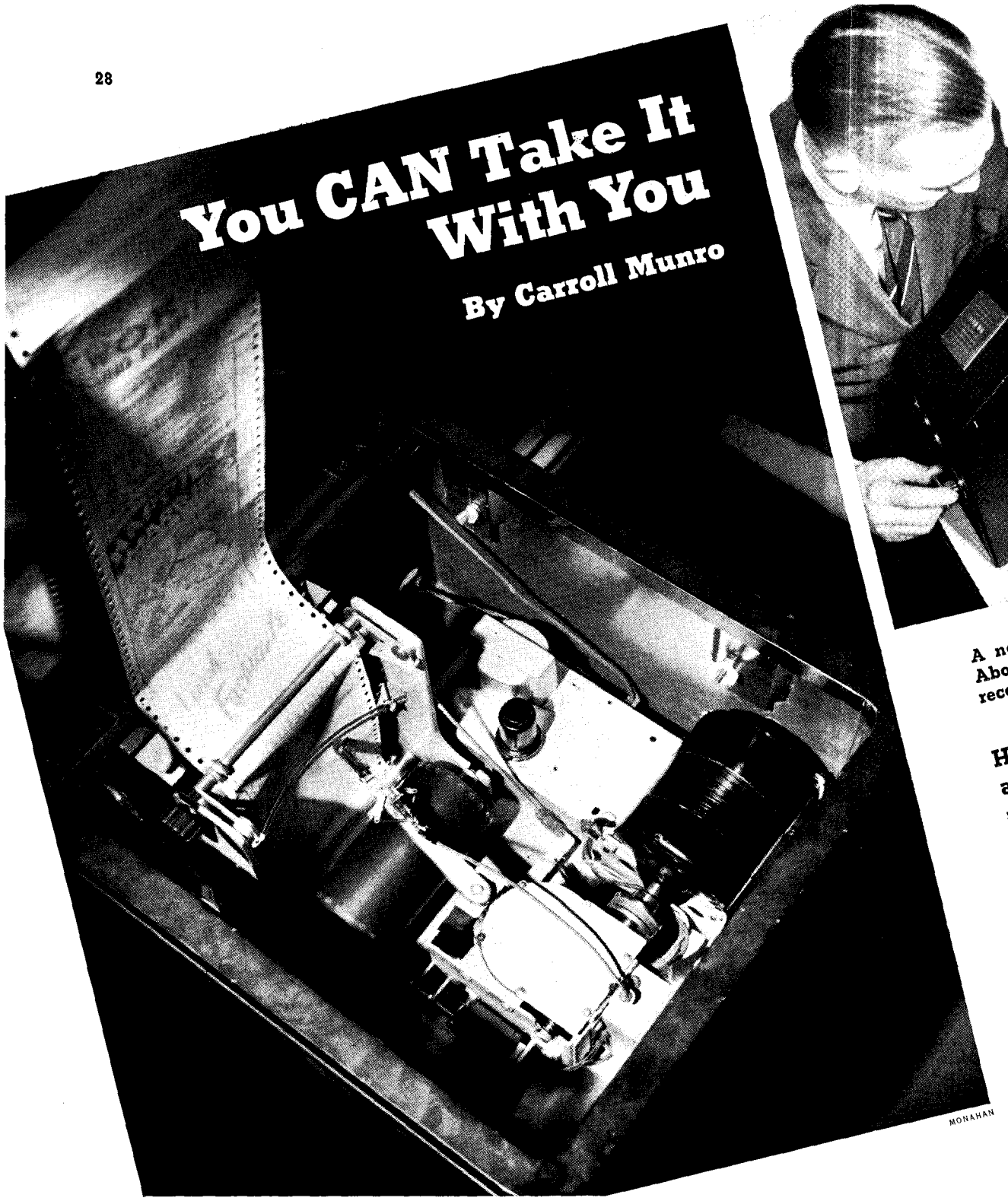
You CAN Take It With You

By Carroll Munro



A news broadcast via radio facsimile from Station WOR. Above is the transmitting apparatus; at the left, the receiver recording in facsimile. These receivers, for home use, cost $90

Here's a war weapon to transmit maps, pictures and text through thin air at high speed and in absolute secrecy. And it belongs to Uncle Sam

WHEN President Roosevelt was on his last cruise with the Navy, he received each morning a completely illustrated facsimile newspaper radioed from New York to the Cruiser Tuscaloosa, containing news, pictures and weather maps. That was a Navy stunt to familiarize the Commander in Chief with automatic facsimile, the latest development to step from the laboratory into the communications field. It was peacetime fiddling with a new instrument of vast potential importance. A communications medium that in Europe has already gone to war quietly, without fuss or feathers. And it is winning service stripes.

But what is facsimile? And why its war importance?

Radio announcers have often asked you for a bottle top, "or a reasonably exact facsimile of a bottle top." You know what that is, of course. Well, if you owned one of the new military facsimile sets and a portable radio transmitter to boot, you could send them just what they asked for in the way of bottle-top facsimiles. And it wouldn't be a "reasonably exact" facsimile; it would be exact. Or you could send them a facsimile of your thumbprint, or a picture of a hangman's noose, or a map directing them to the nearest river. In other words, a copy of anything printable which, when received, can be handled and kept as a permanent record. That's radio facsimile.

As to war: This new communications system sends and receives by radio facsimile anything at all in military maps, signed orders and photographs, red hot from a shell hole abeam the Westwall, or from a reconnaissance plane ten thousand feet above the enemy's industrial district, or from plane to plane.

It sounds like television, you say, but it is not. Television equipment, by which moving objects may be pictured at a distant point, is very much on the bulky side—a few tons more or less—and its reliable short-wave transmission range is limited at present to approximate line-of-sight distances.

All Very Hush-Hush

But television's cousin, facsimile, will send a map, or a picture measuring 8½ by 7 inches, and combine both with the written word at 150 words per minute over any wave length by radio, telephone power circuit or pipe line. Distance is no limitation, for, wherever ordinary radio signals will go, so can facsimile.

Those are modest claims that serve only as a basis of comparison with other communications forms. Teletype can handle only 60 words a minute. And anyone who has ever paid a telephone toll will admit that it takes a bit longer than a minute to put across 150 coherent, instructive words. The real advantage, however, is the fact that facsimile may easily be adapted to maintain absolute secrecy of transmission without resort to the customary clumsiness of complicated codes and ciphers, or, if desirable, it can be hooked up with any voice-scrambling device.

Indeed, facsimile has been groomed for some years to bolster communications both in peace and wartime. The inspiration to make facsimile a practical wartime instrument derived directly from an intensive study of the Battle of Jutland by a young lieutenant of communications in our own Navy. He found in every phase of that terrifying fleet action appalling evidence of the inadequacy of ordinary radio communication. If you recall it, on that memorable afternoon in June, 1916, Admiral Scheer with the Kaiser's High Seas Fleet caught the British Grand Fleet fair abeam, then cracked and well-nigh shattered it.

Consider what potential deeds of destruction lay within the hand of Jellicoe during the succeeding night of the engagement had he possessed sufficient information. For had the British admiral known all the facts gathered by his destroyer leaders concerning the course, the bearing and the disposition of the enemy, he could have destroyed them utterly. If Jellicoe had had some way to correct his own chart quickly the war might have been shortened and the entire course of history altered.

That's what Lieutenant W. G. H. Finch decided and, furthermore, he determined if ever in the future Uncle Sam closed battle forces with the enemy there'd be a moving, up-to-the-minute chart for everyone. Not just a single chart on the admiral's flagship, but a truly mobile chart; a changing chart; a chart open to radio consultation and revision by any officer even a thousand miles away; a chart corrected on every ship to keep pace with battle changes, plotting even in the heat of combat every move with accuracy. Quite an order.

But with so much firmly fixed in mind, our young lieutenant, an able inventor and engineer by profession, turned to radio facsimile in 1921, at a time when that art was still a famous laboratory cripple. With the proper touch over many succeeding years this clever sailor literally booted facsimile from a scientific sickbed up onto the bridge deck of the men-of-war. No mean job. It took a lot of brains, courage, persistence—and a lot of headaches—to turn the trick.

An Open Military Secret

Recently the military brains of friendly neighbors got wind of the Finch development. The British, the Canadians and French all plumped for facsimile, and it is an amusing fact that in their eagerness the Canadian Signal Corps upon receiving its equipment in the morning rigged a special mobile unit by nightfall, properly designated as: "His Majesty's Facsimile Unit, Canadian Signal Corps." But Uncle Sam chuckles—the "foreigners" didn't get the best of it by any means. The very latest facsimile equipment Lieutenant Finch has debited to the account of the United States.

Imagine the possibilities! From now on, every louse-infested major of infantry can send a picture post card to GHQ by radio from any shell hole; and he can mark an "X" on it to designate his bed and board and add the famous line: "Dear General: Wish you were here—instead of me."

Of course, facsimile in many aspects is a military secret; nearly everything

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appears to be a military secret these days. But actually most military secrets are a laugh. There's the famous Garand gun and the military attaché who rather smugly hinted to a member of a Russian military mission that the Yankees had a trick or two in the way of infantry fire power up their sleeves. To which the Comrade Colonel grunted: "Zo . . . it is a good gun. We have found it most zatdisfactory."

Be that as it may, the idea of sending a picture post card to the GHQ from an advanced shell hole or from twenty thousand feet aloft is a practical reality and not to be laughed at. Here are some of the available facts:

Facsimile units now undergoing field tests for military usage are approximately typewriter size and weigh less than twenty-five pounds. Each unit is a compact receiver and transmitter, a two-way "duplex" job bundled into one small case. Out from the receiver roll pictures, 8½ by 7 inches, maps, written material. And, when used with certain forms of short-wave equipment, simultaneous voice and facsimile transmission on the same wave length is possible. It receives and sends with equal impartiality, limited in distance only by the power of the portable radio transmitter associated with it.

The machine builds one hundred lines of copy to the inch every minute and it takes more than an electrical storm or "radio barrage" to wash out reception.

The Finch machine operates from small portable batteries or any other power source. Printed material or pictures are recorded and made immediately visible without processing through the use of a special dry paper sheet coated with an electrically sensitive substance. The received electric current flowing through the sheet discolors it variably in accordance with the amount of electric current passing through it, thus resulting in the recorded facsimile which assumes shape and meaning even as the image is forming on the moving drum of the recording device. It is absurdly simple and practically foolproof.

Baffling the Enemy

From now on, if the brass hats prefer to withdraw another hundred miles behind the counterbattery fire, it makes little difference. A facsimile unit, or even a doughboy with trembling inexpert fingers, can send them pictures and charts of the action at hand; and, what's more, send it with the utmost secrecy.

How the secrecy? Certainly, it seems fair to assume that all the enemy need do is capture just one receiver and help itself to the opposition's stuff. Not so. There's a gadget that can be installed in each and every machine to forestall such business. Imagine, if you can, two drums one hundred miles apart revolving without pause, and at the same speed without a thousandth of a second variation. Every time the transmitting drum revolves one exact revolution it sends out a distinctive synchronizing tone, and that tone traveling by radio controls each revolution of the receiving drum to the fraction of a pulse beat.

Now imagine what would happen to that delicate synchronization if the sending mechanism were deliberately rigged to change the frequency or pitch of synchronizing tone at intervals known only to the parties concerned. No machine within hearing distance would pick up more than jagged, indecipherable lines, unless it were set upon that particular tone signal a split second in advance. Additionally, let us suppose that all friendly machines changed tone and wave length radically every fifteen minutes by prearrangement. That's gilding the lily. An enemy, monitoring the opposition wave lengths, wouldn't have a chance of hitting on the proper stroke.

Of unusual interest to the General Staffs is facsimile air reconnaissance. At less than twenty-five pounds the "military duplex" grabs no more weight in an observation plane than a thousand rounds of machine-gun fodder. And it accomplishes its ship-to-ground, and ground-to-ship, stunt as easily as it will send by short wave the imprint of a loving kiss from Union Square to Joe Stalin in the Kremlin. During hazardous reconnaissance raids, observers may now send back a steady stream of notated maps or photographs developed in the plane right up to the second they're shot down behind the enemy's line. Not a pleasant prospect but an inevitable one in this war-maddened world. Heretofore, the greatest problem of air reconnaissance has not been so much to get the information, but to bring it back intact.

Germany Tries Facsimile

In World War Number Two, facsimile is playing a potent role. The British and Canadians will have to hustle if they're to meet Germany on even terms in this communications business. They have in their possession Finch equipment basically the same as that available to Uncle Sam. It's not so good, nor so fast, nor so compact and accurate as the American equipment, but it's certainly superior to that used by the Germans in their spectacular campaign in Poland. The German Panzer divisions, terroristic facsimile-equipped motorcades of fast tanks and light and heavy scout cars, have been working miracles of reconnaissance in liaison with Mr. Goering's observation planes, also facsimile-equipped. They've darted every which way, leading on the infantry to the proper spots for flanking and for assault.

Lieutenant Finch has been watching with intense interest the German development of facsimile as a communications technique. They have been at it for years with an eye to military use. They have good equipment now, but not good enough. It's all big stuff, almost too big for anything but very large reconnaissance planes and even on the bulky side for use in scout cars.

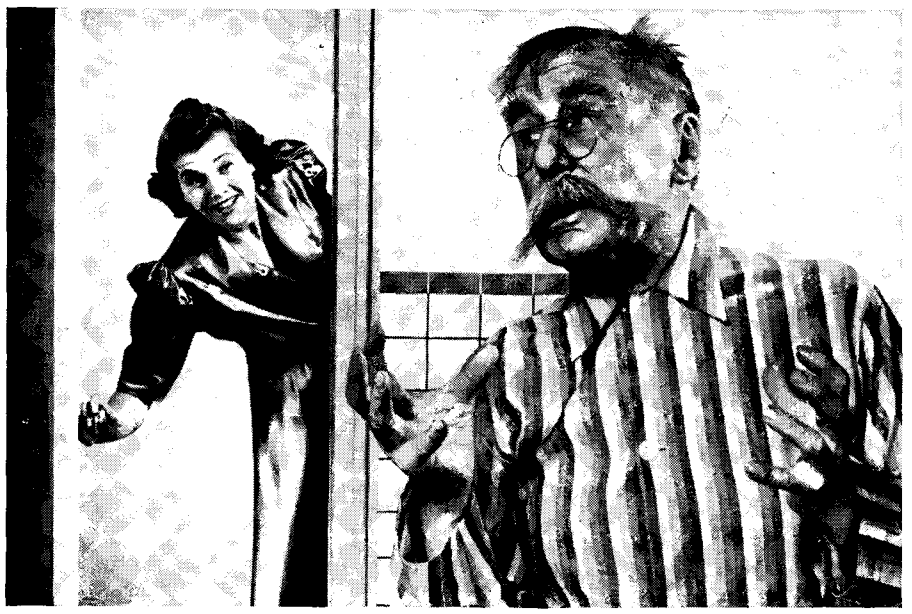
Perhaps too much emphasis has been placed on the Army's uses of facsimile to the exclusion of the Navy's side. After all, the sailors were the first to try it out. For, several years ago, Lieutenant Finch successfully facsimilied text, maps and pictures from New York to a destroyer miles at sea.

Not the least important naval use for facsimile is intraship communications, although one would suppose a telephone or speaking tube preferable equipment. However, we've the world's choice collection of weird accents in our Navy. A lad from Dothan, Alabama, yelling orders in a telephone or speaking tube under pressure will sound like a baby panda suckling a bottle to an ear glued at the other end. Vermont nasal or the Oregonian lip vowel doesn't come through much better. It's quite an item. So large, in fact, that facsimile may some day replace or supplement telephonic communications on ships.

Too bad Mr. Finch can't talk of more to come. The Navy keeps an official hand across his mouth. He could tell some tall tales of thievery and espionage during the years he labored on facsimile without the protecting screen of government. For Finch carried out his research strictly on his own.

But he has at last succeeded. And now Uncle Sam has the very best and latest in communications available for both arms of his service. It's native Yankee ingenuity, no doubt. No doubt? W. G. H. Finch was born in England! Yes, there's something about the air in these United States.

The Pearls and the Senator's Daughter



SENATOR: Hey, June—my pills! You know dang well I can't get along without 'em!

JUNE: Never mind the old pills, darling. You come along to breakfast and I'll show you something. You shouldn't *let* yourself have these bad days. I have a hunch you can *prevent* that old constipation instead of trying to *"cure"* it every time it comes.

JUNE: It's so simple even a statesman can understand it. We all need "bulk" in our diets to help us keep "regular." You probably don't get enough. If so, we'll get at the *cause* of the trouble by having KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN for breakfast.
SENATOR: Good logic, June! And blamed if ALL-BRAN doesn't *taste* good, too. Pass the cream.

JUNE: Oh, Dad, it's too much for a little idea about what you should eat for breakfast!
SENATOR: June, little ideas have changed the fate of men and nations! Why, I'm practically a new man since I joined the "regulars."

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

Copyright, 1940, Kellogg Company. All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek

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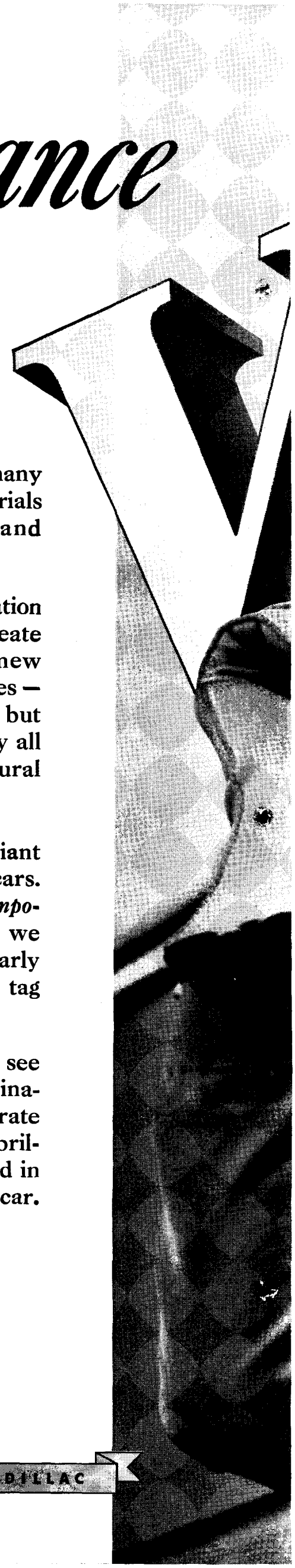
Brilliant performance founded on



MANY are the ways in which the brilliant performance of the 1940 General Motors cars increases your pleasure in driving an automobile.

Engines are smoother and livelier. Steering wheels are light in your hand. Shifting has been made a matter of finger work.

But it is not alone in power and acceleration and handling ease that General Motors engineers have again demonstrated their resourcefulness.

You find it expressed in the very kind and quality of the metals used, in the precision with which part works with part—in the durable strength and merit they have given to bodies and frames and running gears.

The new Unisteel Turret Top Bodies by Fisher are larger and roomier—and likewise stronger. Window openings are not only planned for better vision—but fitted with Safety *Plate* Glass to reduce eye-strain.

Seats are not only wider, but in many instances are made of new materials providing far greater comfort and greatly extended life.

And a most outstanding demonstration of General Motors ability to create value is a special and entirely new model available in several GM lines—it is not only the ultra in styling but encompasses within its new beauty all the newest improvements in structural design and in appointments.

We invite you to sample the brilliant action of the 1940 General Motors cars. And, since *price is necessarily a component of value, in everything you buy*, we invite you to look at the prices, clearly shown on the "plainview" price tag attached to each car on display.

Thus you see the value, thus you see the price—and the combination is bound to demonstrate that in General Motors cars brilliant performance is founded in greater *value* throughout the car.

GM

YOU CAN SEE THE VALUE—YOU CAN SEE THE PRICE

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC

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ALL

YOU CAN SEE THE VALUE.. AND YOU CAN SEE THE PRICE

Look at the 1940 cars offered by General Motors dealers and you will find in every detail of engineering and appointment plain evidence of their outstanding *value*.

Look at the "plain-view" price tag on each car and you will likewise find every detail of the delivered price plainly shown.

It lists "PRICE OF CAR" which means the price the dealer charges you for the car itself including reimbursement for his conditioning charge—"TRANSPORTATION CHARGE" which means a charge for transportation from the factory to you, based on rail rates Federal Tax and "OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT AND ACCESSORIES"—which means the dealer's charge for any extra equipment or accessories that you may elect to buy.

Value is always relative, in anything you buy. It necessarily involves the price you pay and what it includes.

So examine the new General Motors cars. Then study the price tags.

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The Heart and the Hands

Continued from page 21

"I had heard—you were going to be here," she said. "We drove down from Maine."

"It's nice to see you," Joe said. He almost had hold of himself now. "If you'd let me know you were coming, I'd have had tickets for you."

"We didn't want to see you fight. I—we wanted to talk to you."

Joe didn't speak. Ann said: "This is my father, Dr. Shore. Father, this is—Dr. Hayden." A wry smile came to Joe's face despite himself. So she knew he had passed the two-year exams and would now be called "Doctor" in class.

The tall man seemed a little amused.

"If we could see you after the fight," Ann said.

Joe felt his head shake. He had hold of himself now, or he thought he did. "I'm leaving immediately after," he said. It was hard to breathe with her so near. He thought he knew why they had come.

"I'll try to tell you now, then," she said.

"Stop standing in that draft in that doorway," McCord said.

"Shut up," Joe said. He stepped outside the room, closing the door after him. "We haven't much time. I go on any minute in the semifinal."

"It's this: I've told Dad about you, that they think at school that you'll make a good surgeon, that you're a remarkable diagnostician. He's willing to —to send you back there instead of having you spoil your hands."

"I don't get you," Joe said. He had known from the moment he saw her why they had come. At school, then, he would be her father's pet, even hers—a sort of hobby. He knew, curiously, that his apparent surliness was a cloak for his own reticence, but he couldn't change his words.

"I mean—he can afford to pay your way." It was difficult for her to speak and Joe wanted to touch her and kiss her. But inside him he was all hard.

"I don't know your father."

"We won't stand on that, Hayden," Dr. Shore said. "Ann has asked me to help—"

"I need none, thanks," Joe said. Some distant part of him tried desperately to tell him how terrible was pride.

"Hayden, please," Ann Shore said. "You—" She saw his face, grown suddenly stony, and stopped.

She can't even call me by my name, Joe thought. Behind him the door opened and ahead of him he saw a man hurrying down a dim corridor toward him. "Now we go, kid," McCord was saying. . . .

IN THE corner where he stood after getting scattered cheers, Joe looked across at Bruletier. Dark, stocky, the French-Canadian was a favorite in Boston.

In the past, Joe had fought his men and sometimes knocked them out because, in one way or another, he became excited enough to do so. Tonight he felt as though he had closed some invisible door behind him. It had left him in a cold land and the coldness had gone into him.

So, for eight rounds, Bruletier hurled himself at Joe Hayden and for eight rounds Joe Hayden kept a left in the other man's face, letting Bruletier literally stab himself into defeat. Joe had hurt his right hand early on the other's lowered head and favored the hand, but the implications of the injured hand did not disturb him. In the ninth round they stopped the fight. Bruletier's right eye was closed tight and a mouse had broken in a long slit over the left eye.

So Joe stood there, his hand raised one more time into the light, the hurt right hand, and the feeling of the moment was good in him. He felt somehow released and he let himself enjoy fully this triumph.

WHEN they had a fight offered them on the West Coast and another one in the East, Joe would insist on the one in the West. He went across the continent in a compartment, eating sparingly, two rubber handballs always in his hands, like some modern anchorite. He kept winning and began to acquire a national reputation. He was having trouble making the welterweight limit, and so McCord had him let his weight go and in six weeks Joe was a full-sized middleweight. The added weight strengthened his hands and he began to knock out most of the men he fought.

He was not a killer—some viciousness would always elude him—but the coldness that had come to him that night in Boston was almost a substitute. A month after classes had resumed at the university he had enough money to go back. The irony made him even more sullen. He insisted on fighting frequently, more so than even McCord thought advisable.

The ceaseless activity made him stale and he lost two decisions to good men. McCord made him rest in Florida for a month. Then Joe started up again, knocking out the men who had decisioned him, never losing. They worked north, West Palm Beach, Atlanta, Richmond, Washington, and in New York, in April, he won at Madison Square Garden and was offered his biggest price yet —fifteen hundred—to fight Bruletier again in Boston. Joe said he didn't want to fight in Boston.

"You run away from that town like it had an epidemic," McCord said.

"We're making money, aren't we?" Joe said.

"I think that dame up that way has you down," McCord said.

"Never mind that dame," Joe said. Anger beat in him and died.

"I guess you give up that notion of going back to school in the fall, huh?" McCord said.

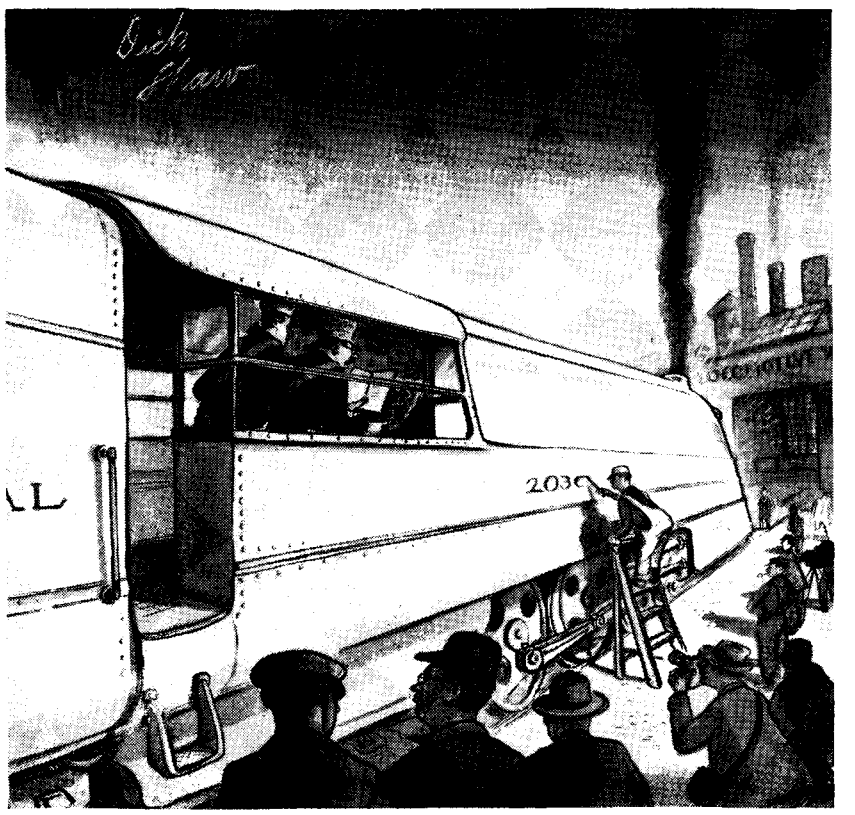
"I guess so," Joe said slowly. He had avoided thinking about it.

In September he was sure enough, he thought, of the way of life he had chosen, of his own will power, to go to Boston to fight Bruletier. And now the offer, raised to twenty-five hundred, was too much to turn down. Bruletier would be easier this time than before. Then, quite suddenly, the thing became like a pattern repeating itself. He was sitting in the dressing room, intricately taping his own fingers. They were strong now, he considered; they would never fail him. He remembered saying once that he had neither the heart nor the hands to be a good fighter. Now, he thought proudly, he had both. Time moved slowly in an incredible repetition of a pattern. Nick Penucci was answering a knock at the door and coming over to Joe and saying, almost respectfully, that that lady wanted to see Joe.

Joe kept looking at the bandages so Nick and McCord couldn't see his eyes. "Tell her thanks," he said, "but that I'm through with medicine. Tell her I'll write her sometime. She'll know." She's swell to come back, he thought. She'll think I'm a mug for sure, now.

AND then there was a strange silence in the room, as though McCord and Penucci also felt, even if they couldn't quite understand, what was happening. Only Abe Edwards, fat and deceptively bland where he stood checking his kit in a corner, shook his head. No one saw it. Joe kept looking at the bandages. He'd really write to her, Joe thought. If he saw her now, he knew he'd tell her the real way he felt—about her—and probably she'd laugh. So he wouldn't see her now; he'd be smart and not see her and just write and say thanks.

And then, the pattern still repeating itself, the drafty corridor again, but this



"It says, 'Now turn valve three, let water come to a boil and add one-half ton coal' "

DICK SHAW

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time the yelling for Joe, too. And again Bruletier rushing, rushing across the ring, but just a little more open this time to the greater skill that was Joe Hayden's.

He would do this one quick, Joe thought. Quick, and then get out of town. He kept straightening Bruletier up with the left, then crossing the right over Bruletier's left arm. Bruletier was shaken badly by the cross, and began to lower his head in anticipation of it, so that Joe would hit his skull instead of his jaw. The right crosses began to jar sickeningly on the mastoid bone. In the sixth Bruletier wilted from one of them and Joe thought he felt or heard a slight crack.

Joe paused, looking at the other man. Bruletier seemed pale, his eyes almost glassy. Quite suddenly Joe wondered if he could have fractured the other's mastoid. He was standing there, his guard lowered, when Bruletier rushed him again. Joe didn't have a chance to hit him but tied the other man up. Bruletier rested his head on Joe's left shoulder and Joe glanced at the part of Bruletier's head behind the left ear. He was sure he could see a faint ridge or welt there. Then Bruletier had torn away.

Joe stood there stupidly, trying to think. He was sure of it now. He tried to reason: if the mastoid were fractured, so probably was the skull, and Bruletier should not be conscious. Not usually. . . .

Streaks of light shot through the thought. You couldn't take a chance, Joe thought. He felt weak and almost sick and did not know Bruletier had hit him. "Listen—" Joe said to the referee.

"What?"

"This guy—this guy is hurt."

"You oughta know," the referee said. "You been belting hell out of him all night."

"I mean you ought to stop it." He was holding Bruletier.

"Why the hell should I?"

Bruletier tore away and hit Joe. He was in too much of a hurry and Joe felt it like a swung log of wood, rather than like an explosion under his jaw.

"Listen—" Joe said.

"You mind your business and I'll mind mine. Ain't nothing wrong with him. And you defend yourself at all times in the ring."

TWICE Bruletier hit him and each time Joe went blank for a little while. The crowd was roaring. Bruletier came in, his hands low. It was easy to drive the right home straight, Joe saw, or cross it. He couldn't do it. He thought it might kill Bruletier. But Bruletier was still on his feet, so he couldn't be hurt, something in Joe argued.

He was sitting on the floor, without remembering being hit and someone was saying "—seven—" Joe stared at Bruletier in a corner. Bruletier seemed to waver. Then someone said "—ten—" and yelling shook the ring and Abe Edwards and McCord were helping Joe from the ring.

"That guy—a hospital," Joe said.

"Not him; you," McCord said. "Either that or the nut house. You stand there arguing with the ref and let that guy belt you out."

In the dressing room Joe was still saying that Bruletier belonged in a hospital. One of the boxing commission doctors had come in after Joe. "What do you know about the mastoid?" the doctor said, smiling.

"Plenty," Joe said. "How did you know that was why I didn't do it?"

"All I know is that you just said Bruletier fractured his mastoid bone."

"I don't remember saying it," Joe said.

"You did, though," McCord said. They were all looking at Joe strangely. My God, Joe thought, I'm on Queer Street. Then he began to wonder if it would ever go from him, if he would ever get off the street.

"Listen," the doctor said, "you mean you stopped hitting Bruletier because you thought you had fractured his mastoid?"

"That's it," Joe said. His head abruptly began to clear. "Please," Joe said. "Please make them check on him. Get him to a hospital."

Then there was the hot and cold shower and Abe Edwards helping with a little smelling salts and saying things Joe couldn't understand. When he came out of the shower, the doctor was back. They were all watching Joe again and McCord was red in the face.

"How about Bruletier?" Joe said.

"We don't know," the doctor said slowly. He was looking at Joe almost respectfully. "Bruletier just collapsed in the shower. He's on the way to Massachusetts General Hospital."

JOE stared at the wall. Something had happened. Joe knew that he would know what it was in a minute. McCord walked up and down the room, chewing a cigar. No one would look at Joe.

"Listen—" McCord said to Joe. His voice dropped until it was almost wheedling. "Listen—" McCord said again and then he stopped and he and Joe were staring at each other. Then McCord got red and went out the door.

He didn't return and Joe, when he went out of the room, left his bag there, the little bag that had the rubber mouthpiece, the bandages, the gloves—all the signs of the craft in it.

It was cool in the corridor. Joe thought that he would go to New Haven tomorrow. No, he'd go tonight. And see the registrar first thing in the morning. He would see her, too, there in a couple of weeks. He wondered if she'd speak to him after the way he'd been.

He went out the little side entrance for the boxers and a boy in the scant crowd said, "Here comes the bum now," and they were hooting at Joe all across the sidewalk. Joe never heard them. Alone, parked near the curb in a roadster with the top down, he saw Ann Shore. She was watching the entrance and Joe knew, incredibly, that she must be waiting for him. She didn't smile but her face seemed to light up from inside her.

"I was wondering," Joe said, "if I'd be lucky enough for you to have waited." There was no excitement in him. She didn't answer, but began to drive away from the hooting crowd he did not hear. He remembered, for a second, almost with nausea, his brief moment on Queer Street. It was all gone now, but he could feel how terrible it would be to be always that way. He wasn't going to be.

"Haven't you a bag or something, Hayden?" she said. "I'm driving up to Maine tonight to join the folks. We'd like to have you."

"I left the bag in there," Joe said. "It had my boxing stuff in it. I'm not going to need it any more." Then: "I'll go to Maine with you if you don't call me Hayden."

She smiled ahead into the road that led north out of Boston. "All right—Joe. Tell me, though, it was your hands that went, wasn't it? That's the way it looked. I hope they're not badly hurt."

"The hands are swell," he said. "The heart went, though. You can make your hands good boxing hands." Later, he would tell her the whole thing. Even if Bruletier wasn't badly hurt, Joe knew the truth when he saw it.

He saw her face lighten as it looked straight ahead. He watched it a long time, profiled against the night. He began to wonder again if he might not somehow get to be able always to watch it.

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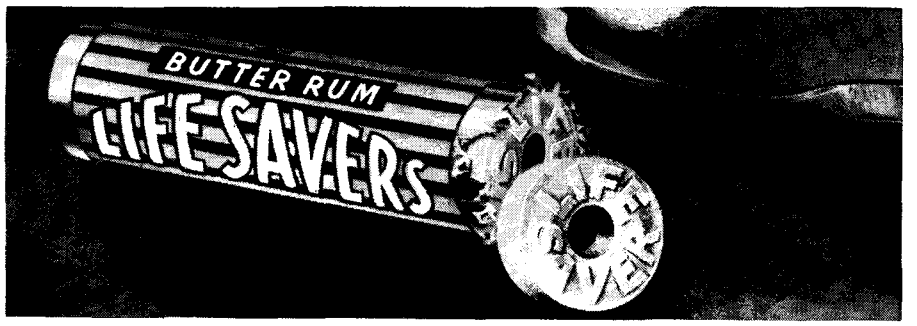

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Gripping the arms of his chair, he raised his head and closed his eyes—almost

Judge of Time

By Frederick Skerry

HENRY FELDER had been in the courtroom before, but then court had been a diversion for him. Now it was different. He seemed to be seeing it for the first time. And there was nothing amusing about it.

The principal witness for the defense in a murder trial, in one respect Henry Felder was apprehensive: he feared being made to look like a fool on the stand. Not that Henry doubted the truth and weight of his testimony—he knew that he was the pivot on which the trial would turn—but that was all the more reason for his being the special target for the county prosecutor, and he might be asked embarrassing questions.

He wasn't surprised at their suspecting Steve. Naturally, when Jake Steen was found shot dead in his back room, with the night's receipts of the bar on the table where he'd been counting up, they questioned everybody who ever had any trouble with Jake; they had to find a motive. But to arrest Steve and charge *him* with the murder . . . Well, that was ridiculous.

Probable cause! Just because Jake was killed around half past twelve, and Steve admitted being at work in his office near by at that time; and because somebody saw Steve going into his office building—when he was only coming back from mailing a letter. Why, a little before that he himself had gone into the building to talk with Steve; somebody could have said they'd seen Henry Felder. What if people *had* heard Steve tell Jake that he'd get him some day? Suppose he had; a lot of people that had been caught by crooked tricks of Jake's had told him that. But it didn't necessarily mean that Steve meant to *kill* him.

They didn't find the gun that killed Jake either. And they couldn't discover that Steve had ever even owned a gun. Anyhow, Steve couldn't have done it because Steve was in his office all the time, except for a couple of minutes. Wasn't he there with Steve? And you couldn't even go from Steve's office to Jake's place and back in less than five or six minutes—maybe it would take longer—let alone stopping to get in somehow and shoot Jake Steen. Steve had an alibi, all right.

THE deliberate proceedings were tedious and tried Henry's patience. But, at last, his name was called, and he went to the witness stand and was sworn. Steve's lawyer asked him questions. He knew what those questions would be and answered them readily. The dryness left his mouth. Being up here in the face and eyes of everybody wasn't so bad, after all.

When Steve's lawyer was finished the county prosecutor began to cross-examine. Almost immediately he asked, "Are you a relative of Stephen Bishop?"

"Yes, sir. Brother-in-law."

"Are you in the habit of being in your brother-in-law's office at half past twelve at night?"

"No, sir."

"Why were you there at twelve-thirty A. M. on August twenty-fourth?"

"To talk to Steve."

"What was so important to talk about that you had to be there so late at night?"

Steve's lawyer jumped up and objected to the question as irrelevant, and there was an argument. Finally the judge sustained the objection.

Henry Felder drew a breath of relief. Gosh! he thought, hoping the prosecutor wouldn't get too inquisitive. Couldn't a man try to patch up a difference between his sister and her husband without broadcasting it all over town?

Then: "You say that Stephen Bishop was not in the office all the time you were there. At what time was he not there?"

"I don't know exactly—about half past twelve, I'd say."

"Did he say where he was going?"

"Yes, sir, to drop a letter in the mail box—it's right before the street door."

"Didn't it strike you as strange that he didn't wait to post it when he left?"

"No, sir. He said if he mailed it he couldn't forget it—and it had to go in the morning."

"What did you do while he was gone?"

"Just sat—he wasn't gone more than two minutes. It was only two flights down and back."

"Two minutes, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"A figure of speech. A veritable length of time. Do you know how long two minutes can be?"

"I think so."

The prosecutor drew out his watch. "With the court's permission," he smiled, "let's see if you know." The judge nodded negligently. "When I say 'now,'" the prosecutor went on, "you tell us when you think two minutes have passed."

Henry's heart sank. He wondered wildly how he could tell when two minutes were up. You could try to count, but you'd count either too fast or too slow. That was the sort of thing he had dreaded. If he could only hear the courtroom clock tick, perhaps . . .

"Now!" said the prosecutor.

Henry saw the rows of faces before him, then, gripping the arms of his chair, he raised his head and closed his eyes—almost.

BUT for the rustling of papers as the judge turned them over, the room was still. The minutes which flit by so unheeded were now important. After what seemed eternity to Henry he bent his head forward, opened his eyes, and said loudly, "Two minutes."

A murmur like a rising wind arose in the courtroom only to be stilled by the judge's sharp warning. With a shrug of disappointment, the prosecutor pocketed his watch, glanced at the grinning faces about him and resumed his questioning. But his questions were perfunctory. Steve Bishop's alibi was irrefutable. A man's going around the block to Jake Steen's and back in two minutes was admittedly impossible.

As soon as possible after acquittal, Steve sought Henry, threw an arm about his shoulders. "Henry, you were wonderful! I didn't know you were such a good judge of time."

"Aw, gosh, Steve!" Henry protested. "I was licked when the prosecutor put that up to me. But when he said, 'Now,' most of the people started watching the clock. I just waited till they quit looking at that and looked at me—then I knew the two minutes were up."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

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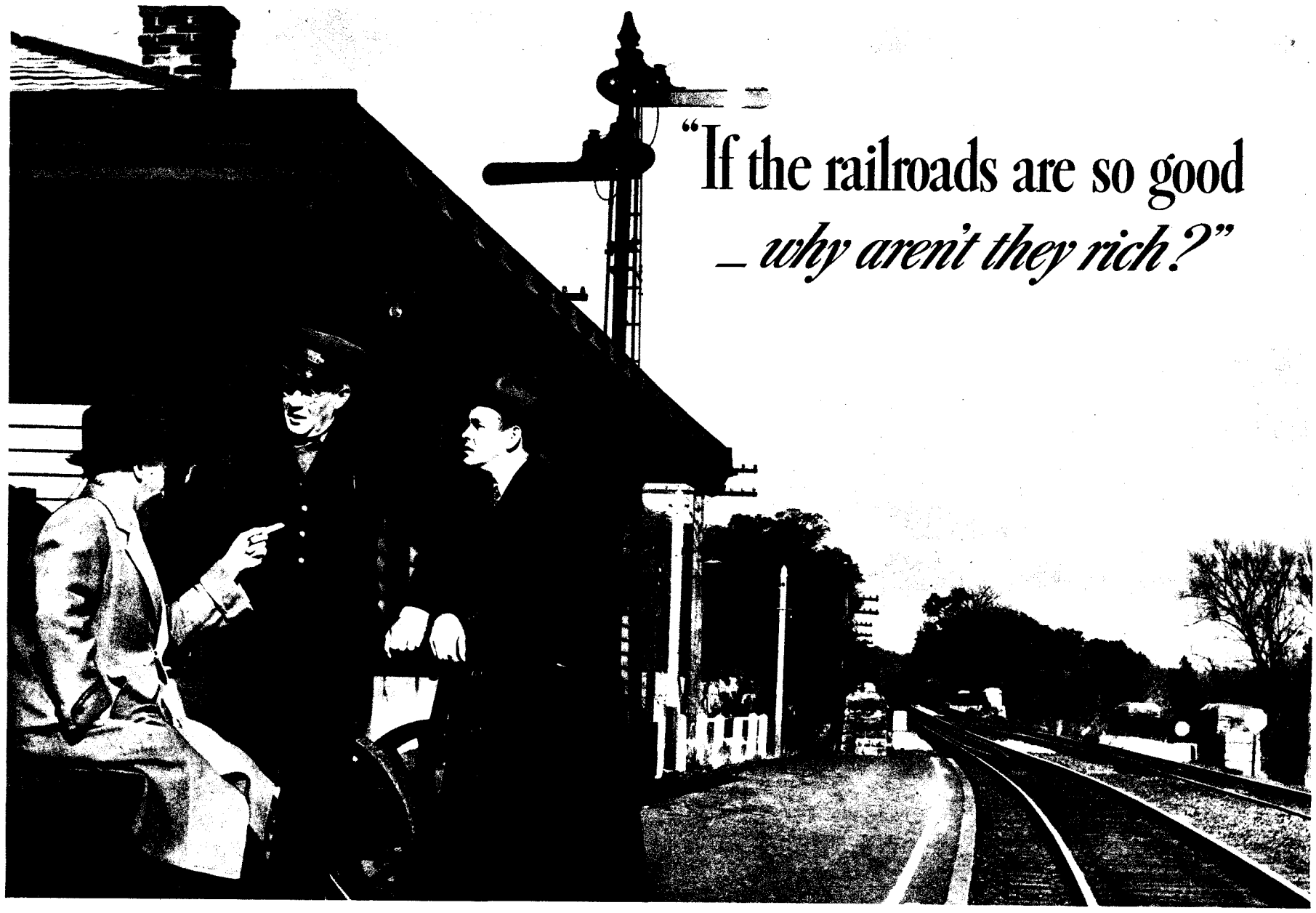

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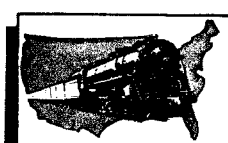

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Glamor Girl in Your Home

Continued from page 22

The lights had gone up, and a couple of ushers were arranging an easel on the stage. Morton Wayne, the Trianon m.c., in a classy tuxedo, stepped from the wings. He had a great wad of bills in his left hand, and waved it over his head. "It's all yours, folks," he cried gaily. "I'm here to give it away!" He whizzed the wad through his fingers. "One hundred and sixty-five simoleons! And people like me work for a living! Okay, here it comes—" The spotlight centered on a large cardboard which the ushers had placed on the easel. Six photographs were pinned, face-down, to the board.

Laverne and Mike had never been to the pay-off of this new-style contest. The way this worked was, first Morty Wayne ran an applause contest, to decide the luckiest among the six pictures. Of course all that the audience saw were the backs of the pictures, but Morty made wisecracks about the beautiful girls and handsome fellows that might be on the other side.

The biggest applause was for No. 4, so Morty unfastened that one from the board and set it on a special small easel, with the face still hidden from view.

Five dollars would be offered to the owner of each and every one of the other pictures, he explained, but the jack pot would be offered to the owner of the lucky No. 4.

With a flourish, he detached No. 1 from the big board and turned it around. At the same moment, the projectionist flashed the picture on the screen.

Was it a laugh! A fat-faced man with a pushed-up straw hat, wiping his face as he came into the theater and with a kind of half-scared expression as he realized the machine was taking his picture. The audience howled.

"Is the original of this picture in the house?" the m.c. called.

WHEN no one answered, somebody in the balcony yelled, "That's Nick Pryzowiecki, works in the blooming mill," and that brought another wave of laughter.

"Well, tell Nick he's out five bucks," the m.c. responded. "If he'd spend his Saturday nights at the Trianon, instead of whatever he's doing, he'd be in five dollars."

The friend offered to go get Nick, but that brought the final roar of laughter, and the m.c. went on to the next picture. It was a little old lady, nice and motherly; but she wasn't in the theater either, what a shame.

The third one was a girl. Laverne couldn't help laughing, the girl was so comical. She had her mouth open over buck teeth; and her rouge made round dark patches on her cheeks, what a mess! The audience howled. Fellows whistled. Morty Wayne asked if anybody knew her, and a smart guy cracked, "Not for five bucks, not that one!"

The fourth was there to collect. A kid, about sixteen, in a polo shirt. He stumbled on the stairs, he was in such a hurry to get up there for his five dollars.

The fifth was another howler, an old mill hand with handle-bar mustaches. Mike nearly jumped out of his seat. "That's Stinko Steve!" he called—a helper in his own mill. But Stinko wasn't there to collect, either, that was the luck people had, so all that money went into the jack pot.

Mike was still marveling at the coincidence, the nearness of having somebody you know flashed on the screen like that when the m.c., with a grand flourish, announced that he would now unveil the lucky winner of the one-hundred-and-sixty-dollar jack pot! He turned over the photograph on the small easel. At the same time it was flashed on the screen.

A puzzled, momentary stillness followed. Then there was a low, appreciative whistle, from the back of the theater. Voices were heard:

"Who is it?"

"It's a fake. That ain't anybody here."

"That's Anne Shirley."

"It's Lucille Ball, that new star."

MORTON WAYNE, too, was admiring the photograph. For it was a typical movie close-up, a beautiful blonde, her eyes widening in an intriguing way, but a preoccupied, almost moody expression still on her face.

"I didn't know I was running a talent-discovery contest," Morton Wayne said. "But if there is a talent scout in the house, this picture ought to be worth a lot more than a hundred sixty simoleons to him."

For a long moment, Laverne had not recognized herself. Then her heart began to thump.

". . . in the house?" the m.c. was asking. "Does anybody know this little glamor girl?"

From beside her, she heard a roar: "Yah, that's my girl, Lottie Szabo!" Mike yelled, with a kind of astonishment in his voice.

There was only the slightest bit of laughter, at that crazy name. The whole theater was wheeling, centering on her, and as Mike pushed her into the aisle applause began. She walked down the aisle and the applause heightened, but then she realized Mike wasn't with her.

And all the time she stood on the stage facing the audience, listening to the m.c. make his crazy cracks about her being a glamor girl and how she ought to take the next plane to Hollywood and could he be her agent, and all the time he was counting the money into her hand, and the applause was getting louder and louder, all that time she was staring into the aisle and along the rows of seats trying to see where Mike was. And she was adding, a hundred sixty and eighty-seven, she couldn't add it in her head, she was so excited, but she was sure it would make enough.

He wasn't waiting at the foot of the stage stairs, and she hurried up the aisle to where they had been sitting, she wasn't sure exactly where, so she called, "Mike! Oh, Michael!" and fellows all around took up the cry, "Lucky Mike!" "Won't I do?" "What's Mike got that I ain't got?"

She was sore at him for just that instant, and hurried on to the back of the theater, and from the gloom there someone caught her hand. It was Mike. And, crazy with the excitement, the first word she could get out was a peeved word, "What did you call me Lottie for in front of the whole theater? Couldn't you say Laverne?"

He dropped her arm. "Okay, glamor girl," he said, and walked silently and swiftly so she nearly had to run to keep up with him. They got to where his jallopy was parked.

"Where are we going?" she asked, trying to bring merriness back with her voice.

"I'm taking you home."

"Oh, Michael, let's celebrate!" She waved the wad of money, which she still held in her hand. "Let's go somewhere real swell, let's go to the Marine Room. I'll pay!"

"Oh, Harry! Auntie's here!" RICHARD TAYLOR

She realized instantly she had been dumb again; she shouldn't have said that to Mike. Wordless, he started the car, and drove a few blocks to Hutch's tavern, where they usually went for a little dancing.

WHEN they were seated with beers, she said, "Gee, Michael, loosen up. Aren't you glad we won?"

"Sure I'm glad you won, kid. You looked swell on that picture, too," he said, but as if that ended the matter. She couldn't figure out what was eating him. "Come on, let's dance, let's do something," she suggested, so they arose and danced. He danced awfully stiff, not in his usual swingy way. She moved in closer. "How much is one sixty and eighty-seven?" she asked.

"I dunno. What's the difference?"

"We could buy one of those new tan modernistic parlor sets with those wonderful deep rugs in the same shade," she said. "Gardener had it in his window. It's fifty dollars extra on the four-room special."

He stopped, midfloor. "Listen, Laverne," he said, and his using her fancy name scared her. "Cut it out. Don't figure that in on our money."

"But Mike! Sure it's our money. You've been paying my share for a long time. And besides, you paid for my ticket to the show, so the winning is half yours, at least."

Instead of laughing at that, he got real sore. He broke from her and walked to their table. Her purse was lying there. He picked it up and held it out to her. "Gimme thirty-five cents, and we're even," he declared.

That made her mad. She counted out the thirty-five cents for her movie ticket and an extra dime, and threw the change on the table. He picked up the dime. "What's that for?" he asked.

"My beer!" she cried, scathingly.

He shoved the dime back into her purse. "I can still buy a girl a drink," he said. "Besides, you didn't win anything here."

Laverne rushed out of the place. Her purse was hanging open, with that wad of bills choking it. No, she hadn't won anything. She'd lost.

For a couple of days she was good and mad. Then she was waiting for him to show up and apologize. She understood that his male pride had been hurt when she offered to put that money in their joint account. But he needn't have acted so nasty. He would have to apologize.

He hadn't even called by Saturday so she made a date with another fellow, figuring she would break it if Mike called the last minute; or maybe she would keep it, just to teach Mike a little lesson. But he didn't call. The fellow took her to the Marine Room and she had a dumb time.

ON MONDAY, she used eight dollars of her prize money to buy a new hat with a snood. She walked down Adams Street where Mike lived. She passed his house twice. It was five o'clock, when he should be in; he usually hung around the front porch at that hour. But he didn't appear.

On Wednesday, she went inside the boardinghouse and asked for him. She had made up her best, with her new hair-do and the snood and a new nail polish called Oomph. She really looked so stunning she surprised herself when she looked in the mirror.

His landlady told her that Mike was in back tinkering on his jallopy.

He pulled his head out from under the hood, and looked her up and down. He made an appreciative face, and that was something because Mike had never noticed her as an ensemble before. Still, it wasn't as though he were appreciating her, Laverne—all right, Lottie, then—it was like you see men make appreciative faces at classy women going into the Marine Room.

Mike said, "Well, you look all set for Hollywood, kid. Come to say goodby?" He turned back to his car.

"I just came to see you, Michael. I thought— Why are you sore at me?"

"I ain't sore at you."

"But you haven't called me or been around since—"

"I don't have to call you, do I?" he snapped. "We aren't married yet!"

A girl didn't have to take that. "I wouldn't even have come to say goodby," she retorted, as nastily as she could. "But I'm going to Hollywood for a screen test and I'll need all my money for clothes and things. So will you come to the bank with me and sign so I can draw out my share of the account?"

Sure, he said; he was off tomorrow; they could meet at the bank in the morning.

He was cold and laconic when she met him there. He had already made out things for her to draw half the money

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and for the rest of the account to be transferred to his name. "But I didn't put in half," she insisted.

"That's all right," he commanded, like a man paying the check. "It's a joint account. Fifty-fifty."

They had walked out into the street. It was only a few blocks to the house and he walked indefinitely beside her. As they passed Gardener's furniture store she said, "Michael, will you come in with me for a moment please? I have something to attend to." He looked at her blankly, then shrugged, the gesture of a man who wants to say he has nothing more to lose.

MR. GARDENER greeted her cheerily, and she went right to his desk and started counting out the money. "That leaves us still owing forty dollars on that special parlor set and rug," she said, "but Michael will take care of that, on delivery."

"Certainly, certainly," Mr. Gardener chirped, smiling like a preacher upon the two of them. "Where shall I send everything?"

"We haven't picked out a place yet," Laverne said. "But we'll let you know as soon as we find one."

She thought Mike would burst a blood vessel before they got to the street. "What's the idea?" he demanded, unable to sound completely sore. "I thought you were going to Hollywood."

"Mike," Laverne said, "you don't really think I'd be conceited enough—"

"What's conceited about it?" he said fiercely. "You looked like that on that picture. Just like one of those glamor girls."

"Well, don't you want me to look nice?"

"Kid, I—well, sure, a fellow goes to the movies and sees girls like that, but, well, he figures that's movie stuff, that can't be for him. He figures, well, his own girl, she don't have to be like that."

"Why not?" she demanded. "Are you trying to give me the gate?"

"Like that fancy parlor set!" he roared, turning his anger that way. "What did you want to buy that kind of stuff for? That stuff ain't for us!"

"Who the heck else is it for?" she turned on him. "Why shouldn't your girl try to look as good as a movie star? Why shouldn't we try to have a house like they have in the movies?"

He stopped right in the street and stared at her as if something was just beginning to dawn on him. Maybe things weren't as swell and glamorous as they were in pictures. But maybe some things didn't cost as much as a man thought.

Just as they were going into the Trianon, that next Saturday, Laverne caught Mike's arm, holding him back an instant. That gave her exactly enough time to pull his head down so that his face was beside hers when the klieg light went on and the camera, maybe one chance in ten thousand, snapped their lucky winner picture.

"Now there won't be any arguments," she laughed. "We're in cahoots."

Saddle and Ride

Continued from page 25

There was no foot of this section he didn't know. Now, making a quick guess, he began to climb through the hills by one narrow trace and another. He came to the head of a gulch, fell into it and rode sightlessly along for a half mile. A steady current of wind came against his left side, cold as ice water. At this point he swung the pony and scrambled half up the ridge to a kind of stony shelf. The draft of air poured out of a deep recess here; facing it, Morgan spoke against the night:

"Hack—it's me. Morgan."

He had no answer, but he sat there a long while, once repeating the call. There was no smell of smoke and no sound at all except for the cowlike "waunnk," of a bullfrog near by.

He sat a little while, trying to figure out Breathitt's probable course. This was a good hide-out. If Hack was too restless to hole up here he might be anywhere in the hills. "But," he suddenly thought, "he's probably been into Freeport for grub. Kern Case would know."

He climbed over the ridge and took another trail downgrade until the lights of Freeport showed again. There was a rutted wood road at this point which dropped circuitously off the hills into the end of a narrow street. When he reached this street end Morgan paused to have a look, turned cautious by the night's events. For he now knew there was no longer any safety in riding alone. Thus had the country changed in the space of a week.

Freeport's street was the bottom of the gulch and its double row of buildings were backed against the rising gulch walls. There wasn't much to the town except a barnlike general store, a frame hotel, a stable and adjoining corral, half a dozen empty buildings, to show the town it once had been, a few shanties and two saloons facing each other across the dust. Half a dozen horses stood along the racks. Through the saloon doors drifted the diminished sound of voices. A man came from one of the shanties and stood in a short beam of light long enough for Morgan to identify the old nester Gale.

Morgan reached the general store, left his horse and walked into the half gloom, into the stagnant compound of old-store smells. A stove in the middle of the room showed its fire through square isinglass eyes; a man stood bowed over a counter, his lips silently framing words as he read a paper. Morgan's presence pulled him from this chore. He said idly: "Hello, Morgan."

Morgan said: "Shank of a busy evenin', Kern."

Kern Case was huge-bellied and high- and round-shouldered from all his weight. He was younger than he looked but he had the moon-shaped, ungiving face of a man to whom silence was important. "Thin shank," he said.

THEY knew each other pretty well, yet there was always a reserve to keep, a roundabout way of talking. Out in the hills were a hundred men who stayed there for the profit of it; in this town now were other men who would fade through rear doors at the sound of swift-coming horses. Kern Case, himself an honest man, held the secrets of these others in his head. They trusted him; and he kept his mouth shut. So when Morgan asked his question it was not a question at all but a statement:

"Pretty dark to be chasing through the hills."

"Maybe," said Kern Case, "you went down the wrong canyon."

"I could ride this country asleep. But maybe I guessed wrong."

"Sometimes," said Kern Case, "a man gets tired of sleepin' on the ground."

"Maybe," agreed Morgan. He turned the remark over in his head; it meant something but he didn't get it. He backed to the stove and warmed himself, gently rubbing the seat of his pants. Kern Case didn't show any change on

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his face, though his eyes were laughing at Morgan. "You're a long way from the ranch. Ridin' back tonight?"

"Never gave it a thought."

Case started to speak and changed his mind. Somebody came quickly into Freeport, a horse beating out a rhythm on the dust of the street's far end. Case folded his hands on the table, serenely incommunicative, listening to the horse haul up. Morgan said, "Hell of a lot of traffic for a dead burg," and moved idly toward the door.

"Twenty years ago," said Kern Case, "you'd have got shot for a remark like that."

Paused by the door, Morgan watched the newcomer swing off his horse in front of the hotel. He looked around at Case. "Times change. So do visitors." He stepped into the store, turning to the stove. He wheeled when he reached it, keeping his eyes on the door. The newcomer's steps broke the stillness, heavy and loud and coming rapidly forward. Case stared at Morgan, reading what was to be seen. In a way it was information, for when the storekeeper put his attention to the door and saw Ben Herendeen there he wasn't greatly surprised. Morgan's expression had been in the nature of warning.

THE same day Morgan returned from Sage City, Charley Hillhouse pulled into Three Pines and reported his failure to Herendeen. Both of them had been thoroughly certain of success and now Herendeen sat in astonished silence, the back of his neck flushing and his hazel eyes freezing on Hillhouse. Charley felt this bad luck keenly; it was a personal loss to him, so complete was his loyalty to the ranch, so partisan a man he was. He rolled a cigarette, laying his shoulders against a porch post. There was no sweetness in the smoke.

"If we'd kept that damned notice down another twenty-four hours."

Herendeen said: "He was at the dance Friday night. He couldn't have seen it. That's why Harry Jump came to town in such a lather. What'd he pay?"

"Eleven thousand."

"Why didn't you keep on?" said Herendeen irritably. "Why didn't you snow him under? My God, Charley, I send you two hundred miles for something we had to have, and you buckle up."

"You set the limit," pointed out Hillhouse. "I went to the limit and that's all I could do."

"Charley," said Herendeen, "the country ain't big enough for both Morgan and me."

"So it's fight," said Hillhouse, and let the long silence fall while he soberly considered the answer. He sighed a little and at last shrugged his shoulders. "Been a long time coming."

Herendeen said: "Stay clear of it, Charley, if you feel like that."

Hillhouse shook his head. "No," he mused, "a man can't be half of one thing and half of another. He'd be a mighty poor man. I'll do what I got to do. If it means I lift a gun against Clay Morgan I'll do it—and God take pity on me for it." He gave Herendeen a searching glance. "But don't make no mistake about Clay. When you call his hand you better be ready to go right on with it. What do I say to him when he asks me to move those cows?"

"Let him worry about that."

Hillhouse didn't like the answer and was on the point of saying as much when Herendeen broke in: "Right now we've got Hack Breathitt to find. Take out three, four men and beat up the country around Dell Lake."

Hillhouse hadn't heard about that. He said, "Whut's he done?" When Herendeen told him, he considered it over a long interval. Afterward his shoulders rose and fell, expressively shaking away a good many memories. "I guess the wild bunch finally got him. Been teeterin' on the edge of crookedness a long while. Well, I'll find him."

Long as he had known Charley Hillhouse, it astonished Herendeen now that his foreman should so calmly accept the dismal chore of hunting down a man who had been one of his deep friends. Long after Hillhouse had lined out across the flats, Herendeen puzzled it around his head. As for himself, Herendeen had no scruples to explain away. He was a cattleman protecting his range by whatever means necessary, with an ambition to extend that range by whatever means necessary. A man in this land had rights if he was big enough to hold them; if he wasn't big enough, then he had no rights. This was Herendeen's philosophy entirely.

But Hillhouse had in his long, cool head a strange standard of right and wrong; and a zeal as passionate as that of a fanatic. This kind of man could do terrible things and feel terrible emotions. He was, Herendeen thought, like a fellow packing a stick of dynamite in his pocket—uncomfortable at times to have around.

"Quite a strain, just waiting, isn't it, Butch?" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

This was the extent of Herendeen's thoughts on the matter. Turning to his horse, he lined out through the Haycreek Hills, reaching Crowfoot at suppertime. He stopped here for his meal and later made a little talk on the porch with Gurd and Catherine:

"Charley pulled out this afternoon to round up a few men and scout the west side of the Moguls. We're after Breathitt. I've got Bones McGeen up on the high trail, near Ketchell's."

Gurd said, "Believe I'll go sit in with Charley. Where you going?"

"Toward Freeport."

Gurd said: "Better be careful. That's a tough district."

Herendeen let out a huge laugh as he went to his horse.

"Gurd," he said, "I never saw the man I was afraid of or the piece of brush I couldn't ride through."

AS SOON as he had gone Catherine said to her brother: "You don't mean that, Gurd. Stay out of it. Hack has done nothing to us."

Gurd walked down the steps. "Never mind. We've got to stick together."

She said: "Do you realize it is Clay's friend you're trying to kill?"

"Then he had better pick better friends."

"You've changed," she said. "What's happened?"

He came back up the steps and stopped before her. "Sure, I've changed." His voice was monotonous and odd. "Morgan had his chance to stick with us and didn't do it. Then let him go to hell. He's not my friend now."

"Listen," she said, "you better understand me. There will never be a rider of the Crowfoot outfit sent after Hack, or used to run errands for Herendeen."

He said, "Who's running this outfit?"

"You are, as long as you stick to business. What's the matter with you lately?"

HE SEIZED her arm then, his face drawing near enough for her to see distrust on it. "Next time you go over to Morgan's don't bother to come back."

She pulled free of his arm and hit him across the face with her hand. She said, "You're a small little boy, Gurd. Why don't you try to be a man?"

"We'll see!" he said, jumping off the porch. A moment later he raced out of the yard, bound over the Haycreek Hills toward the west flank of the Moguls.

South of Crowfoot the road to Freeport followed a crooked little creek at the base of the Cache Mountains for two or three miles and subsequently, the valley petering out, took to the tangle of cross hills, rising and falling from one pine-cluttered pocket to another. These were the Potholes, and a part of that extremely rugged section within which Freeport lay.

The clay dust of the road was a ghostly glowing ribbon unrolling between the shadowy timber banks, and as Herendeen traveled he made a perfect target for the rustlers and the fugitives and dispossessed nesters who made camp in the lost hide-outs of this section. They hated all cattlemen. He knew this perfectly well and watched the black margins of the road with a sharper attention than usual, but it never occurred to him to turn back.

The road, rising from the timber, reached a small burn on which the black and gray snags of once living timber showed a stripped, gaunt pattern against the swelling moonglow. Entering this barren spot, Ben Herendeen caught the smell of dust, and at once squared his heavy body on the saddle, meanwhile dropping a hand to the butt of his gun. Over the far margin of the burn he saw a horseman drift into the pearly, diffused light and halt by the road. Herendeen let his horse single-foot forward and so came upon the waiting shape.

The man said: "Ben?"

Herendeen hauled in. "Nothing wrong with your eyes, Pete."

Pete Borders chuckled. "How could a man miss? You throw a shape big as the side of a barn."

Herendeen said: "I want to talk to you."

"Fire away. I guess we have done some talkin' before."

Herendeen said: "I wouldn't trust you out of sight, Pete, and if I ever caught you with one of my cows I'd hang you higher than a kite."

"Ain't ever caught me, Ben."

"Remember what I'd do if I did," retorted Herendeen. "Do your stealin' in other places and we'll get along. I propose to run every haywire rider out of this country in short order, but if you stay clear of me nothing's going to trouble you at all. I can use a fellow like you once in a while." He thought about it, letting the silence settle gently between them. Then he said: "Go up to Government Valley and work over Morgan's stuff. He's too shorthanded to watch that end of his range."

"Ben," said Borders indulgently, "you sure make me ashamed for bein' a piker. You're a bigger crook than I ever thought of bein'."

"You grind your coffee in one mill and I'll grind mine in another," said Herendeen, taking no offense. "I can make it hard for you, or I can let you alone. Just work along like I said."

"Sure," said Borders. "But keep your riders away from that district at night so I won't be bumpin' into 'em. I got to cross your range."

"All right," agreed Herendeen, and ended the interview by putting his horse into a run. Three miles onward he dropped down the head of a gulch into Freeport's street and left his horse before the hotel. He walked to the Yellow Front Saloon, had a drink and a close look at the four or five men around the room, and left the place, knowing that his entrance had sent most of the saloon's crowd out the back way. Traveling up the walk he discovered Morgan's horse and turned into the store at once.

MORGAN stood with his back to the stove, gently rubbing his hands along the seat of his pants. Kern Case, grave and unmoved, murmured: "Evenin', Ben."

For the moment nothing else was said. Herendeen ignored Case, studying Morgan with his round hazel eyes half shut. He filled the doorway with his heavy legs and his high, huge shoulders; he touched the casing of the doorway with his hands.

Morgan brought his hands forward, reaching for his tobacco to make up a cigarette. This was the length of the silence. When he struck a match and cupped it to his face he stared over the rim of his fingers, reading Herendeen with a steady interest. The man had swung into the room quickly, as though to surprise somebody; and he stood now with his thoughts pretty much on his face, his glance rummaging all the dark corners of the room. Morgan thought he knew the answer to that. Herendeen had expected to find Breathitt here.

Herendeen abruptly crossed the room, his weight squealing against the worn floor boards, and walked to a rear door. He turned the door's knob gently, he kicked the door open.

Kern Case's voice echoed his dislike: "Get out of there, Ben. That's my room."

Herendeen was in it, moving around slowly; he came out again. Somewhere above them a board snapped, throwing Herendeen's head instantly upward. Herendeen stared at the ceiling and back at Morgan.

"If you're here, he's here."

"You could close that door," murmured Kern Case.

Herendeen stared at Morgan, his lips pressed together. He was faintly smil-

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ing, hard and certain and slowly keyed up by his temper. "He's here," he grunted. He walked on to the front door. He put his back to Morgan, watching the street.

Morgan said: "Keep your eyes open, Ben."

Herendeen didn't turn. He said: "I see nothin' to be afraid of, Clay. As far as you're concerned, I never did." He stepped to the porch and wheeled around, looking upward at the second-story windows of the store. He held the hard-creased smile on his lips; he teetered on the balls of his feet and drew his gun. He fired at a window, breaking the glass, and walked into the doorway again, swinging around to watch the street.

DURING the last ten minutes men had quickly and quietly drifted out of Freeport until now only a few horses remained at the racks. A rider ran from the saloon on the heels of the shot echoes, jumped to his pony and raced away. Herendeen lifted the gun and sighted this man along the barrel casually and deliberately as though testing his aim. He let the gun drop, wheeled and walked off the porch. Morgan heard him threshing all around the store, along the back wall and down the alleyway to the street again; he came tramping into the room, his bright eyes clouded up.

"Case," he said, "this is a crooked town full of bums. I can make any of 'em run. There ain't a white man in the place."

"Large remark," said Morgan.

Herendeen looked down at the gun in his hand. He reholstered it. "Clay," he said, driving each word across the silence, "this country is full of yellow-bellied quitters. I propose to run 'em out of here. That goes for the crooks and the nesters and—" he drew his long breath, holding Morgan's attention with his bitter eyes, "it goes for their friends."

Kern Case took a backward step and got behind the counter. He slouched over it, his big hands flattened on the counter's surface. He watched these two.

Morgan said: "You can say it in shorter time, Ben."

This was a quarrel ten years old and never settled. All the old memories were like hot coals deep-buried but ready to burn at the first touch of fresh air. This was a quarrel rooted deep in their muscles, in their bones, in their nerves. Behind indifference, behind their years of grudging tolerance of each other, back of their smiling and their silence, it had always existed—this detestation, this smoldering antagonism, this brutal chemistry of will and instinct. Herendeen knew it. Morgan knew it. There was reason for all of it but had there been no reason it still would have existed. They were two organisms destined to fight.

Herendeen lashed his answer back at Morgan: "Maybe I can. You made a statement in War Pass last week. I'll take that up now."

"Take it up," said Morgan, so slurringly soft.

"I'm going to drive you out!" Herendeen shouted.

"Ben," said Morgan, "I guess I'd better leave my mark on you as I did once before."

It was acid dropping on an old sore. Herendeen squirmed at the memory; Herendeen's eyes yellowed up and lost reason. Herendeen's hand brushed the top of his gun—and this was a motion Morgan watched in that cold, critical moment, never believing Herendeen would draw. It wouldn't be that quick and final way. It would be as it had been long ago, a drawn-out torture, a slugging, brutal fist fight to erase Herendeen's malign recollection of that older battle. He was still by the stove, glance pinned to the butt of Herendeen's gun. Immediately afterward, Herendeen's hand came away from it and Herendeen's boots seemed to crash into the floor as he jumped forward.

Bringing up his arms, Morgan realized he had his own chance to draw—and refused the chance. Coldness and quick-running shock stabbed through him and he knew something gray and dismal about himself then; he knew that this meeting had been a long-waited, long-wished-for desire in him. He started to move away from the stove as Herendeen's whole bulk swept at him; and stopped to smother Herendeen's fists as they drove in. He knocked the blows aside—no more. Herendeen's onrushing body caught him and drove him against the stove. He slid along the edge of the stove, falling backward. Herendeen hit the stove. Both of them dropped behind it, Morgan bringing up his knees and beating the wind out of Herendeen's belly. Herendeen sprawled aside. The stove had gone down and the pipe began to fall in disjointed sections, sifting warm soot on them. Rolling half around, Morgan saw Herendeen push himself half erect to come at him; he rolled again and was up.

Herendeen lifted himself from the floor. Morgan, moving in, punched a fist into the wide, hard pit of his stomach. Herendeen's face showed sudden pallor and he swayed a little, windless and shocked. Morgan drove his aimed blows at the huge jaw, hooking his punches up against the long, shelving chin. Herendeen dropped his head and Morgan, missing his target, smashed his knuckles on that rocky-hard poll and felt pain knife along his left arm; it was a sudden agony that made him suck in his wind. He caught the dulling of Herendeen's eyes; he had this man half knocked out—and the old, violent, savage instinct rushed him in until he was at close quarters, trying for the kill.

It was a mistake. Herendeen's great outsweeping arms caught him in a bear's grip and drew him in, crushing his ribs. Morgan's arms, thus held, could reach nothing; he pulled himself backward, seeking to break the grip, but Herendeen held on, weathering through his punishment, tightening his grip until Morgan felt his skin burn and seem to burst. There was a swollen tightness in his face and neck; his breathing came out of him short and insufficient. Herendeen's arms kept tightening.

MORGAN was using up his strength against the great weight of the big man, wearing himself down. He fought backward, seeking to carry Herendeen away from the counter. Herendeen, so huge and heavy, would not move. Morgan lowered his head and rammed it into Herendeen's chin.

Herendeen cried out and his arms let go and caught Morgan at the front of his shirt and hurled him away, so hard that Morgan's feet left the floor. He struck half across the room and tripped backward and went down on his shoulder blades. His head cracked the floor and a kind of thunder rolled through his brain—thunder and bright streaks of fire followed by numbness.

He lay on his side, pushing his arms against the floor but finding no strength in them. He could move them but he had no feeling in them. All this room was gray-black and Herendeen was a blurred shape across the room, slowly trudging forward. He heard Herendeen say something, though he couldn't make out the words. Herendeen, coming nearer, grew taller and broader above him. Herendeen's foot struck him solidly at the base of the spine, moving him around on the floor, loosely as though he were a straw dummy. He rolled completely over, coming against a cracker barrel. He was on his hands

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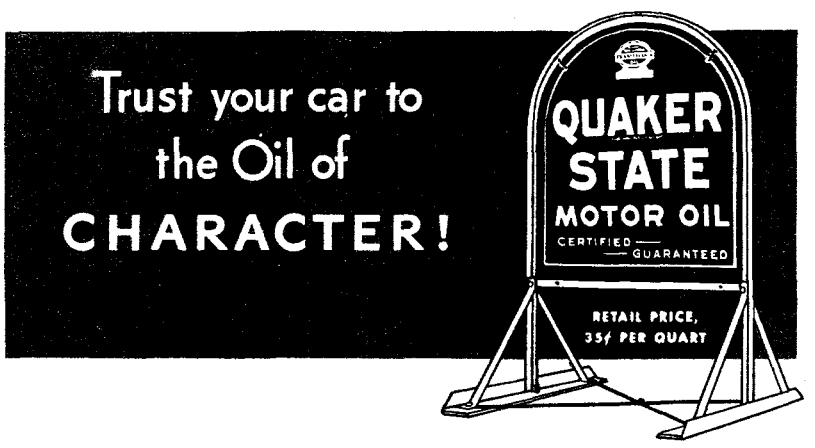

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and knees, looking up with clearing eyes; Herendeen came on very slowly, still drugged by his beating.

Morgan got behind the cracker barrel. He held to its top rim and pulled himself up as Herendeen walked against the cracker barrel. Herendeen swept one fist out, striking air as Morgan jerked back. Herendeen started around the cracker barrel, flat-footed and patient. Morgan, still on the defensive, still weak from his beating, kept circling. Suddenly Herendeen stepped back from the barrel, took a half-dozen side steps and seized a chair. He swung it over his head and flung it at Morgan. Morgan dropped behind the cracker barrel and rose again, seeing Herendeen at once rush forward. Herendeen seized the cracker barrel with his hands and swept it aside, diving at Morgan.

They were back in a corner of the store, deep in the corner. They were against the shelves, trapped here. Morgan saw the brute patience, the dull and fixed will on Herendeen's bloody cheeks; he saw Herendeen's head go down, signaling a charge. As for himself, Morgan reached for wind and could not find it; his lungs grew shallower and shallower. Snarled in harness, stepping through fallen boxes, grinding his boots around a capsized keg of nails, he watched Herendeen set himself on his huge legs for a rush and knew he could not take the terrific punishment of being slammed back against the shelves. Herendeen's motions were slower and slower; exhaustion was working on him as well. Morgan saw it and made his gamble on it. Shoving himself forward with his arms folded against his chest, Morgan caught Herendeen as the latter came out of his low crouch and flung him backward.

THIS last huge wrench of muscles was all he could momentarily manage; it were as if a hole had opened near his heart to gutter away the last of his energy. He stood with his legs wide apart, his arms hung full length and dead-still. Dryness froze his throat so that he could not swallow; his leg muscles were dead and the pit of his stomach set up a steady trembling. Thus spent, he watched Herendeen stoop and seize an ax handle from the floor. Herendeen lifted it with both hands and stared at it with a kind of exhausted interest, as though he did not quite know what he had.

This was the interval in which Morgan saw, through blurring vision, Herendeen for what he was. Battered and ready to drop, there was nothing left in him except the one oxlike instinct to destroy or be destroyed. It was a fixed, red-shot gleam in his eyes; it was a dull mask on his face.

Morgan knew what Herendeen meant to do before Herendeen's mind had recognized the ax handle; and now Morgan, looking around him, saw a rack of new rifles on the wall. He seized one by the barrel, kicked his way out of the debris of nails and harness and circled Herendeen slowly, the butt of the rifle lifted like a club. Herendeen moved slowly forward, following Morgan's circle. Somewhere, as from a great distance, Morgan heard the rush of horses along the street and a voice calling. But this was a dim sound in the background, drowned by the shuffle and scrape of his boots and Herendeen's boots as they moved around the floor, and by the lunging, steamy exhaust of their breathing.

Herendeen had the ax handle lifted to his shoulder, like a bat. His head was lowered, Morgan catching only the thin, up-slanted flare of his eyes. They kept circling the room, too exhausted to waste motion in feinting; they circled the capsized stove, the sections of tin pipe rolling around their feet. They drifted into a front corner, and out of it, Herendeen's boots stepping doggedly in the tracks left by Morgan. Outside was a fresher, nearer call: "Hey—Ben—Ben!" Kern Case moved away from his counter and stood by the room's swinging lamp. He held his hand by it, ready to whip out the light; his fleshy face followed these two fighters with a gray, strained fascination.

They were drifting back again to the far corner. Morgan stepped aside from the nails, coming nearer Herendeen, and he moved the butt of his rifle a little. Herendeen made a small sound in his throat and swung the ax handle in a great sweeping circle at Morgan's head. Morgan jerked back, feeling wind breathe against his face, and brought the butt of the gun full down on that spot where Herendeen's left shoulder joined his neck. The ax handle dropped. Herendeen's great legs broke at the knees and he fell with his hands protectively before him, the heaviness of his body shaking the whole building. There was the clear crack of a shot on the street and the onracing sound of a man's feet along the store porch. Kern Case beginning to answer, all the racket boiling up the dead echoes of the town.

Kern Case said, "I hope you've killed the—" and his easy voice laid terrible words on the past and present of Herendeen. "If you ain't I'm like to finish the job. You all right, Clay?"

Clay Morgan said: "Who's shootin'?"

"Breathitt started it. He's up in the hotel. That's what I was going to tell you when Herendeen came in."

MORGAN pulled himself from the harness and found his legs snarled in it. He sank back to the floor and rolled clear and stood up. Light flashed red before his eyes, though there was no light in the room. His head ached in long, solid surges of pain, from the base of his skull all around to his nose. He drew deep into his lungs for wind, catching the throb of his ribs. His left fist began to send up its steady racket and he knew then he had broken a finger. He could not move the middle finger.

Kern Case said: "That you?"

Herendeen's boots scraped the floor. Morgan bent down, catching Herendeen's shadow, on all fours, against the

"Now get in there and crown somebody. If you happen to score—so much the better!" DAVE GERARD

whipped out the light, throwing the room into a solid black.

He was saying in a softly rubbing whisper: "Stay there, Clay. Stay there. Herendeen's crew is in town."

Morgan backed against the hanging harness. He put his shoulders to this flimsy support; the harness gave way and he sat down, still gripping the Winchester by the barrel. He could not draw wind into his lungs; he was starving for air, his heart beat against his ribs and his head was light. He rolled over, sucking wind through his teeth, with his face to the floor; and heard a voice at the doorway, calling into the blackness:

"Who's here?" It was Bones McGeen's voice.

KERN CASE called softly through the blackness, "Keep out of here, Bones."

"I'm comin' in."

Kern Case's voice was a lower and lower murmur: "Make a step and I'll blow your chest out."

Bones yelled into the store. "Ben, you there? Hey, Ben—!"

A shot broke along the street again, quick and hard, and other men ran rapidly across the dust. Bones McGeen swung from the door, rushing down the porch. The shots came in regular method; and the Three Pines men were faint light of the doorway. He saw Herendeen come up and weave toward the door. He said to Case: "No."

Kern Case called: "Stop right there, Ben."

Herendeen moved on toward the door. He was out of it before Case got around the counter. He was on the street, calling through the spotty racket of the gunfire: "Bones—come here!"

Kern Case swore in the same, passionless voice: "I should've shot the——Now we're in trouble." He stepped around the floor. He said: "Duck." The front windows clattered down before the sudden veering of gunfire. Slugs struck the store shelves. Another slug, striking metal, went "whanng!"

Morgan crawled across the floor. He flattened himself near the doorway, catching a slanting view of the street end. His horse, spooked by the firing, had drifted away from the hitch rack into the farther shadows. Meanwhile, he heard Herendeen calling from the Yellow Front Saloon: "Get your horses off the street. Jim—" One more bullet struck the shelves. Kern Case said, so smoothly outraged, "I'll have a little slice of this," and walked back through the store. Rolling over to the opposite edge of the doorway, near the counter, Morgan heard Kern Case's fat weight groan up a back set of stairs and across the second floor. From his new position Morgan saw a Three Pines hand lead four horses into an alley. At the moment there was no firing; but, watching the Yellow Front, Morgan caught a flutter of light on its windows and stared steadily at it, not immediately understanding the source of that flash.

Kern Case had reached an upstairs window and now waited for his chance. Somebody ran along the back of the store and came through a rear door. Morgan rolled against the base of the counter, listening to those quick steps advance. He heard Hack Breathitt's voice murmur:

"You there, Kern?"

Morgan said: "How you like our little party, kid?"

"Clay? Whut the hell you doin' here?"

Morgan watched the saloon windows grow brighter. There was no fire inside the saloon. The deep roar of another gun began to plow up the silence on the street. Hack Breathitt came forward to stand at the edge of the doorway. "That's Gale's buffalo gun. Old nester's got lots of spunk. Hey, Morgan, you smell smoke?"

"Fire some place. See the saloon windows?"

Breathitt hooked his body around the doorway and ducked back again. A bullet breathed through the doorway, landing on the store wall. He said, "The hotel's burnin'."

"Keep your smeller out of sight if you don't want it carried away," warned Morgan.

KERN CASE came down the stairs with a fat man's slow haste. He said: "We got to get out of here, Clay."

"Sure," said Hack. "We depart from hence, mighty damned hence."

"You all right, Clay?" said Case.

That drew Breathitt's interest: "Why wouldn't he be all right?"

"I tripped on a rug," said Morgan. He followed Case and Breathitt through the back quarters. The three of them paused by the back door while Case scouted the roundabout shadows; afterward they drifted along the building line and paused halfway between the street and the down-bearing timber of the hillside. Light began to brighten at the other end of town; smoke smell drifted with the wind. Morgan saw his horse in the shadows ahead of him and went over for it. When he came back he heard Case say in the same even tone:

"My dad built that store. I was born in it—and all my brothers and sisters. But she'll be nothin' but ashes in two hours from now. There ain't a single way to stop this whole town from goin' up." He let out a sigh. "Well, it was a good store. I'm goin' back to get the rocker my mother used."

Breathitt said: "Come on, boys, we'll have some fun."

Kern Case murmured: "They'll be pullin' out pretty soon. Let 'em go." Then he added in the gentlest tone: "My time will come, Hack. I'll have my fun." He went back to the store.

Gale's gun had stopped booming. Listening, Morgan heard the swelling rumble of the fire and felt the air being sucked around him, toward it. Beyond was the echo of a voice and he thought he heard horses running in the distance. Breathitt said: "They'll be headin' home."

Light stained the shadows and Breathitt, facing Morgan, suddenly put his face quite close to Morgan. "My God, you been shavin' with a hammer?"

"Rug had spikes on it," said Morgan. Kern Case came back, out of breath, bearing his rocking chair. He sat down in it, teetering it back and forth.

Morgan said: "Let's go."

"No," said Case, "I guess I'll stick around."

"Good idea," said Breathitt. "Maybe

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we can roast a steak when it gets a little warmer. What you doing over this way, Clay?"

Clay got stiffly on his horse. "Where you going to be, Hack?"

"In the Potholes. Around the scrub-oak spring."

"Better come back to Long Seven," said Morgan. "Herendeen won't get off your trail now, Hack. You've got no business fooling around here."

Light broke the shadows. He saw Hack's face set in its restless half-smile and realized his partner found a malicious satisfaction in this chase. That was Breathitt's way. He had a wild kink in him and he was tough enough to run his luck out to the bitter end. Hack murmured: "Later, maybe."

Morgan said, "Get out of this light. If you bump into trouble, kid, you know where to come."

Hack raised his head. He said, "That's whut you came down here to say, wasn't it?" He was no longer smiling. His face was in the shadows, his voice was grave and troubled: "I guess I have brought a hell of a lot of trouble down on my friends. I'll remember it, Clay. If I don't see you again soon I want you to know—" This was as far as he got. He shrugged his shoulders, only adding, "So long."

Morgan turned up the trail, winding with the steep grade until he had reached the last high point before going into solid timber. From this elevation he looked down on the white-red tangle of high-leaping flames. The roof and sides of the hotel were eaten away and what he saw now was the inside skeleton of the building penciled darkly against the swirling fire. One wall of the store had caught. All the surrounding gulch was day-bright and he made out Gale and Gale's family slowly crossing the head of the gulch, toward the Potholes. Herendeen, apparently, had gone. Some of the adjacent trees began to catch fire, flames licking at the resinous trunks and exploding in the dry branches.

IT WAS beyond midnight when he reached home. Harry Jump, night-hawking around the yard, followed him into the kitchen and watched him strip down to the waist and wash. Morgan's cheeks showed the battering of Herendeen's fists. There was a long welt on his right flank which astonished him, for he could not remember how it had happened. Behind his right ear was a hole an inch long and cut to the bone; his knuckles were slashed. His middle left finger was broken.

"No," said Harry Jump, taking up where he had left off some hours before, "I guess it wouldn't be love. Funny I didn't hear any dynamite explosion tonight."

"Met a man," answered Morgan.

"You took a gun along," pointed out Harry Jump.

"Not for this man," answered Morgan. "We resumed an argument of long duration. Didn't finish it last time."

"And you ain't finished it this time, either," opined Harry Jump, "if he's still alive."

Morgan went up to his bed and lay there, his brain pulsing within its skullcap and strong pain traveling through his left arm from the broken finger. It made him remember the older fight. Both of them had been younger men, soon recovering from the misery of that beating. This one would stick, it would be buried physically in them as long as they lived, and the sting of it would never leave their minds.

He knew now that he would never be able to ride through the country in the old free-and-easy style. Herendeen's face and eyes, near the end of the fight, had shown him a purpose that would not die. Even in the last stages of exhaustion, when Herendeen was on the edge of dropping, that resistless thing carried him on. Other events, too, had changed the country. The flames of Freeport made a kind of signal, and Gale's buffalo gun, howling against the Three Pines men, was a signal. Charley Hillhouse was in the hills hunting Breathitt—and Breathitt, with that bitter half-smile on his face, would not run away.

Herendeen had done this by his fixed rule-or-ruin policy. The nesters and the stray crooks in the Potholes and all the little ranchers would be making up their minds. Gurd Grant and Lige White, and maybe a few smaller cattlemen, had to go with Herendeen—they could do nothing else now. It was like the fire at Freeport. Once started, nothing could stop it.

He pushed his palm across his eyes, sleepless and aching and hard-pressed, slowly thinking his way through the puzzle. He was in the middle of this, high and dry between Herendeen and the other side; the other side was the crooks, for whom he had no sympathy. But the other side, also, was the little men, like Gale and Vance Ketchell and Hack, and the nester family back on Salt Meadow. Lying here, he saw his own range clearly. He had spent his ten years building it. He was a rancher in the class with Herendeen and if he fought Herendeen now it meant that he stood to lose all that he had. For he knew Herendeen's strength, and he knew the ways by which Herendeen could clean him out. There were ways as old as cattle land was.

AT TWO in the morning, his broken finger on fire, he dressed and went downstairs; he lighted a lamp in the kitchen and shaved himself for want of something better to do—watching the bruised patches on his face slowly change color. He stoked up the stove and put on the coffeepot; and sat on the porch in the moon-shot heart of night. Wind drifted across the flats, cold and sweet. Harry Jump appeared from the shadows saying in his sleepy, irritable voice, "Well, if you're goin' to stay up, I'll turn in."

Morgan got up from the chair, unable to take the punishment of his hand by sitting still. He went in and drank his coffee, black and hot, and returned to the yard, pacing out through the long-thrown shadows of the poplars. The weathered juniper poles of the corral showed whitely in the moonlight; across the valley the outline of the hills was very clear. There was nothing to break the silence; even the night creatures at last grew still. And so he watched this land, his land, slowly turn through the night from glowing shapelessness to the first hard shadows of false morning. A streak showed over the eastern hills and the horses began to stir in the corral. At four he heard the cook cross the kitchen, asthmatically coughing; at five, drawn and wire-nerved, Morgan ate breakfast with the crew.

He said to Jump, "I'll be in town for a couple hours. Stick close to the house until I get back."

Afterward, all his muscles sore and strained and ragged, he climbed the stairs to Janet's room and stood a moment by her bed. She lay in a curled bundle, both hands drawn near her face. Her lips were soft, almost on the edge of a smile, as though her dreams were pleasant; and this way, unconscious of him, she showed Morgan a childish sweetness that held him there, long-wondering and strongly moved. It was that little-girl look, full of faith and belief, which struck him so hard. It would not, he realized, be with her much longer. He left the room reluctantly, got his horse and lined out for War Pass, reaching town beyond sunup and going directly to Charley Padden's house.

(To be continued next week)

COPS ARE ONLY HUMAN

Policemen get tired, too...very tired! But when 12 tired policemen in the New York metropolitan area volunteered to drink Knox Gelatine every day for 28 days...here's what they discovered.

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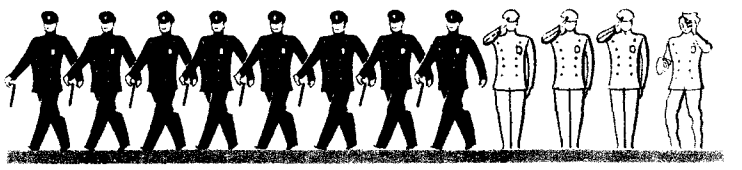
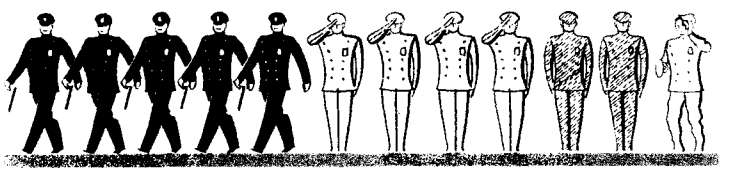


At the end of 28 days, 11 of the 12 policemen had completed the test. Of the 11, 8 men felt decidedly less tired; 3 felt moderately benefited. The only man not reporting benefits was the man who did not finish the test

75%
TO CONTINUE KNOX



Two weeks later, in a post-test check up, 5 policemen were taking Knox regularly because they wanted to keep that tired feeling down and their energy up! 4 more had stopped, but were going to resume taking Knox *"before they lost the benefits gained."* Only 2 policemen had stopped completely.

40
FOOTBALL COACHES "SOLD"!

Mentors of over 40 leading college football teams who specified Knox Gelatine on their training tables last Fall, said they "were sold" on it as an energy builder. It bolstered endurance, developed stamina...now is being used in every branch of sport.

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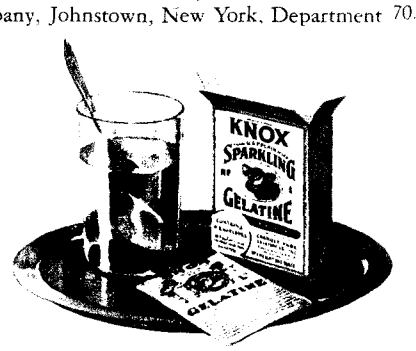
HOW TO TAKE: Empty 1 env. (¼ pkg.) Knox Gelatine in glass ¾ full cold water or fruit juice, or ½ water, ½ fruit juice. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir briskly, drink rapidly or it will thicken. Use plain unflavored Knox Gelatine, the only gelatine which has *proved* that it increases endurance. At your grocer. Write for Bulletin E, Knox Gelatine Company, Johnstown, New York, Department 70.



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Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

Sad Cypress

Continued from page 14

Peter Lord said: "You can't be sure of that. She'd been abroad for some time, remember."

"Yes, yes, I have made the inquiries."

"You've been to Germany yourself?"

"Myself, no." With a slight chuckle he added: "I have my spies!"

"Can you depend on other people?"

"Certainly. It is not for me to run here and there, doing amateurishly the things that for a small sum someone else can do with professional skill. I can assure you, *mon cher,* I have several irons in the fire. I have some useful assistants—one of them a former burglar."

"What do you use him for?"

"The last thing I have used him for was a very thorough search of Mr. Welman's flat."

"What was he looking for?"

Poirot said: "One always likes to know exactly what lies have been told one."

"Did he tell you a lie?"

"Definitely."

"Who else has lied to you?"

"Everybody, I think—Nurse O'Brien, romantically; Nurse Hopkins, stubbornly; Mrs. Bishop, venomously; you yourself—"

"Good God," Peter Lord interrupted. "You don't think I've lied to you?"

"Not yet," Poirot admitted.

Dr. Lord sank back in his chair. He said: "You're a disbelieving sort of fellow, Poirot."

Then he said: "If you've finished, shall we set off for Hunterbury? I've got some patients to see later and then there's the surgery."

"I am at your disposal, my friend."

THEY set off on foot, entering the grounds by the back drive.

Halfway up it they met a tall, good-looking young fellow wheeling a barrow. He touched his cap respectfully to Dr. Lord.

"Good morning, Horlick. This is Horlick, the gardener, Poirot. He was working here that morning."

Horlick said: "Yes, sir, I was. I saw Miss Elinor that morning and talked to her."

Poirot asked: "What did she say to you?"

"She told me the house was as good as sold, and that rather took me aback, sir, but Miss Elinor said as how she'd speak for me to Major Somervell and that maybe he'd keep me on—if he didn't think me too young, perhaps as head—seeing as how I'd had good training under Mr. Stephens here."

Dr. Lord said: "Did she seem the same as usual, Horlick?"

"Why, yes, sir, except that she looked a bit excited like—and as though she had something on her mind."

Hercule Poirot said: "Did you know Mary Gerrard?"

"Oh, yes, sir. But not very well."

Poirot said: "What was she like?"

Horlick looked puzzled.

"Like, sir? Do you mean to look at?"

"Not exactly. I mean what kind of a girl was she?"

"Oh, well, sir, she was a very superior sort of a girl. Nice-spoken and all that. Thought a lot of herself, I should say. You see, old Mrs. Welman had made a lot of fuss over her. Made her father wild, that did. He was like a bear with a sore head about it."

Poirot said: "By all that I've heard he had not the best of tempers, that old one."

"No, indeed he hadn't. Always grumbling, and crusty as they make them. Seldom had a civil word for you."

Poirot said: "You were here on that morning. Whereabouts were you working?"

"Mostly in the kitchen garden, sir."

"You cannot see the house from there?"

"No, sir."

Peter Lord said: "If anybody had come up to the house—up to the pantry window, you wouldn't have seen them?"

"No, I wouldn't, sir."

Peter Lord said: "When did you go to your dinner?"

"One o'clock, sir."

"And you didn't see anything—any man hanging about—or a car outside—anything like that?"

The man's eyebrows rose in slight surprise.

"Outside the back gate, sir? There was your car there—nobody else's."

Peter Lord cried: "*My* car? It wasn't my car! I was over Withenbury direction that morning. Didn't get back till after two."

Horlick looked puzzled.

"I made sure it was your car, sir," he said doubtfully.

Peter Lord said quickly: "Oh, well, it doesn't matter. Good morning, Horlick."

He and Poirot moved on. Horlick stared after them for a minute or two, then slowly resumed his progress with the wheelbarrow.

Peter Lord said softly—but with great excitement: "Something—at last! Whose car was it standing in the lane that morning?"

Poirot said: "What make is your car, my friend?"

"A Fortney ten—sea-green. They're pretty common, of course."

"And you are sure that it was not yours—you haven't mistaken the day?"

"Absolutely certain. I was over at Withenbury—came back late—snatched a bit of lunch and then the call came through about Mary Gerrard and I rushed over."

POIROT said softly: "Then it would seem, my friend, that we have come upon something tangible at last."

Peter Lord said: "Someone was here that morning. . . . Someone who was not Elinor Carlisle, nor Mary Gerrard, nor Nurse Hopkins. . . ."

Poirot said: "This is very interesting. Come, let us make our investigations. Let us see, for instance, supposing a man (or woman) were to wish to approach the house unseen, how they would set about it."

Halfway along the drive a path branched off through some shrubbery. They took this and, at a certain turn in it, Peter Lord clutched Poirot's arm, pointing to a window.

He said: "That's the window of the pantry where Elinor Carlisle was cutting the sandwiches."

Poirot murmured: "And from here, anyone could see her cutting them. The window was open, if I remember rightly."

Peter Lord said: "It was wide open. It was a hot day, remember."

Hercule Poirot said musingly: "Then

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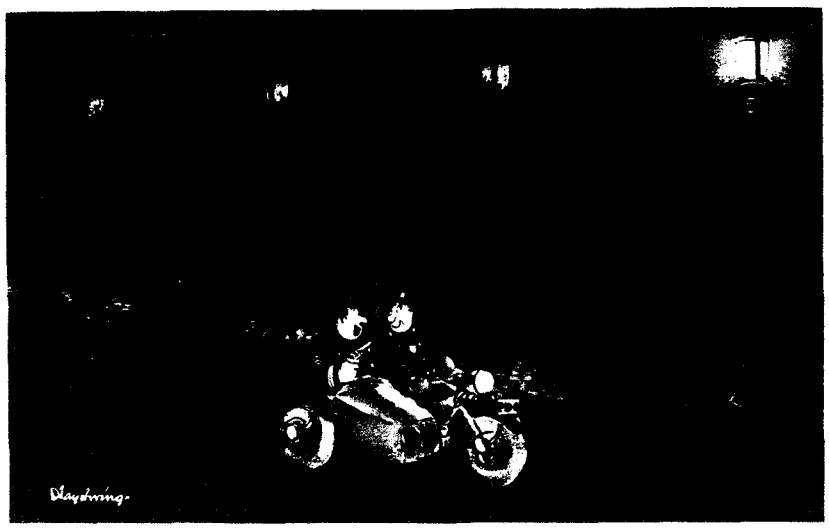

"Oh, boy, wait till the chief hears about how I've improved!"

JAY IRVING

if anyone wished to watch unseen what was going on, somewhere about here would be a good spot."

The two men cast about. Peter Lord said: "There's a place here—behind these bushes. Some stuff's been trampled down here. It's grown up again now, but you can see plainly enough."

Poirot joined him. He said thoughtfully: "Yes, this is a good place. It is concealed from the path and that opening in the shrubs gives one a good view of the window. Now what did he do, our friend who stood here, did he perhaps smoke?"

They bent down, examining the ground and pushing aside the leaves and branches.

Suddenly Hercule Poirot uttered a grunt.

Peter Lord straightened up from his own search.

"What is it?"

"A matchbox, my friend. An empty matchbox, trodden heavily into the ground, sodden and decayed."

With care and delicacy he picked up the object. He displayed it at last on a sheet of notepaper taken from his pocket.

Peter Lord said:

"It's foreign. . . . *German matches!*"

Hercule Poirot said: "And Mary Gerrard had recently come from Germany!"

Peter Lord said exultantly: "We've got something now! You can't deny it."

Hercule Poirot said slowly: "Perhaps. . . . Come, let us look over the house."

THEY stood at last in the room where Mary Gerrard had died.

Peter Lord flung up one of the windows.

He said with a slight shiver: "This place feels like a tomb. . . ."

Poirot said: "If walls could speak. . . . It is all here—is it not?—here in the house—the beginning of the whole story."

He paused, and then: "We have seen all that there is to be seen here. Let us go down to the lodge."

Here again all was in order—the rooms dusty but neat and emptied of personal possessions. The two men stayed only a few minutes. As they came out into the sun, Poirot touched the leaves of a pillar rose growing up a trellis. It was pink and sweet-scented.

He murmured: "Do you know the name of this rose? It is Zephyrine Drouhin, my friend."

Peter Lord said irritably: "What of it?"

Hercule Poirot said: "When I saw Elinor Carlisle, she spoke to me of roses. It was then that I began to see—not daylight—but the little glimpse of light that one gets in a train when one is about to come out of a tunnel. It is not so much daylight, but the promise of daylight."

Peter Lord said harshly: "What did she tell you?"

"She told me of her childhood, of playing here in this garden and of how she and Roderick Welman were on different sides. They were enemies—for he preferred the white rose of York—cold and austere—and she, so she told me, loved red roses, the rose of Lancaster. Red roses that have scent and color and passion and warmth. And that, my friend, is the difference between Elinor Carlisle and Roderick Welman."

Peter Lord said: "Does that explain—anything?"

Poirot said: "It explains Elinor Carlisle—who is passionate and proud and who loved, desperately, a man who was incapable of loving her. . . ."

Peter Lord said: "I don't understand you. . . ."

Poirot said: "But I understand *her*. . . . I understand both of them. Now, my friend, we will go back once more to that little clearing in the shrubbery."

When they came to the spot, Poirot stood motionless for some time and Peter Lord watched him.

Then, suddenly, the little detective gave a vexed sigh.

He said: "It is so simple, really. Do you not see, my friend, the fatal fallacy in your reasoning? According to your theory, someone, a man, presumably, who had known Mary Gerrard in Germany, came here intent on killing her. But look, my friend, look! Use the two eyes of your body, since the eyes of the mind do not seem to serve you. What do you see from here—a window, is it not? And at that window—a girl. A girl cutting sandwiches. That is to say, Elinor Carlisle. But think for a minute of this. What on earth was to tell the watching man that those sandwiches were going to be offered to Mary Gerrard? No one knew that but Elinor Carlisle herself—nobody! Not even Mary Gerrard, nor Nurse Hopkins.

"So what follows—if a man stood here watching, and if he afterward went to that window and climbed in and tampered with the sandwiches? What did he think and believe? He thought, he must have thought, that the sandwiches were to be eaten by Elinor Carlisle herself. . . ."

Poirot knocked at the door of Nurse Hopkins' cottage. She opened it to him with her mouth full of Bath bun.

She said sharply: "Well, Mr. Poirot, what do you want *now*?"

"I may enter?"

Somewhat grudgingly Nurse Hopkins drew back and Poirot was permitted to cross the threshold. Nurse Hopkins was hospitable with the teapot and a minute later Poirot was regarding with some dismay a cup of inky beverage.

"Just made—nice and strong!" said Nurse Hopkins.

Poirot stirred his tea.

He said: "Have you any idea why I have come here?"

"I couldn't say, I'm sure, until you tell me. I don't profess to be a mind reader."

"I have come to ask you for the truth."

Nurse Hopkins rose up in wrath.

"And what's the meaning of that, I should like to know? A truthful woman I've always been. Not one to shield myself in any way. I spoke up about that missing tube of morphine at the inquest when many a one in my place would have sat tight and said nothing. For well enough did I know that I should get censured for carelessness in leaving my case about, and, after all, it's a thing might happen to anybody! I was blamed for that—and it won't do me any good in my profession, I can tell you. But that didn't make any difference to me! I knew something that had a bearing on the case and so I spoke out. And I'll thank you, Mr. Poirot, to keep any nasty insinuations to yourself!"

POIROT did not attempt to interrupt. He knew only too well the technique of dealing with an angry woman. He allowed Nurse Hopkins to flare up and simmer down. Then he spoke—quietly and mildly.

He said: "I did not suggest that there is anything about the crime which you have not told."

"Then what did you suggest?"

"I asked you to tell the truth—not about the death—but about the *life* of Mary Gerrard."

"Oh!" Nurse Hopkins seemed momentarily taken aback. She said: "So that's what you're getting at? But it's got nothing to do with the murder."

"I did not say that it had. I said that you were withholding knowledge concerning her."

"Why shouldn't I—if it's nothing to do with the crime? It's common decency! They're all dead now—everyone concerned. And it's no business of anyone else's!"

"If it is only surmise—perhaps not. But if you have actual knowledge, that is different."

Nurse Hopkins said slowly: "I don't know exactly what you mean. . . ."

Poirot said: "I will help you. I have had hints from Nurse O'Brien and I have had a long conversation with Mrs. Slattery, who has a very good memory for events that happened over twenty years ago. I will tell you exactly what I have learned. Well over twenty years ago there was a love affair between two people. One of them was Mrs. Welman, who had been a widow for some years, and who was a woman capable of a deep and passionate love. The other party was Sir Lewis Rycroft, who had the great misfortune to have a wife who was hopelessly insane. The law in those days gave no promise of relief by divorce and Lady Rycroft, whose physical health was excellent, might live to be ninety. The *liaison* between those two people, was, I think, guessed at, but they were both discreet and careful to keep up appearances. Then Sir Lewis Rycroft was killed in action."

"Well?" said Nurse Hopkins.

"I suggest," said Poirot, "that there was a child born after his death and that that child was Mary Gerrard."

Nurse Hopkins said: "You seem to know all about it!"

Poirot said: "That is what I *think*. But it is possible that you have got definite proof that that is so."

Nurse Hopkins sat silent a minute or

Stuck at a bridge party with a real expert—it was grim. Not one smile did he break all evening—till I fished out my package of Beeman's. "Ah!" says he, with a longing look, "Beeman's, the ace of flavors!" So what could I do but offer him some?

"Thanks!" he said, looking happy for the first time. "I can't pass a flavor like Beeman's! It's got a freshness, a tempting tang, that scores with me and scores big! Honors to you, partner—you hold the tops in fine flavor!"—That cheered *me* up—and darned if we didn't win first prize!

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two, frowning, then abruptly she rose, went across the room, opened a drawer and took out an envelope.

She said: "I'll tell you how this came into my hands. Mind, I'd had my suspicions. The way Mrs. Welman looked at that girl, for one thing, and then hearing the gossip on top of it. And old Gerrard told me when he was ill that Mary wasn't his daughter.

"Well, after Mary died, I finished clearing up the lodge and in a drawer among some of the old man's things I came across this letter. You see what's written on it."

Poirot read the superscription written in faded ink:

"For Mary—to be sent to her after my death."

Poirot said: "This writing is not recent?"

"It wasn't Gerrard who wrote that," explained Nurse Hopkins. "It was Mary's mother, who died fourteen years ago. She meant this for the girl, but the old man kept it among his things and so she never saw it—and I'm thankful she didn't! She was able to hold up her head to the end and she'd no cause to feel ashamed."

She paused, and then said: "Well, it was sealed up, but when I found it I'll admit to you that I opened it and read it then and there, which I dare say I should not have done. But Mary was dead, and I guessed more or less at what was inside it and I didn't see that it was any concern of anyone else's. All the same, I haven't liked to destroy it because I didn't feel somehow it would be right to do that. But there, you'd better read it yourself."

POIROT drew out the sheet of paper covered with small, angular writing:

"This is the truth I've written down here in case it should ever be needed. I was lady's maid to Mrs. Welman at Hunterbury and very kind to me she was. I got into trouble and she stood by me and took me back into her service when it was all over—but the baby died. My mistress and Sir Lewis Rycroft were fond of each other but they couldn't marry because he had a wife already and she was in a madhouse, poor lady. He was a fine gentleman and devoted to Mrs. Welman. He was killed and she told me soon after that she was going to have a child. After that she went up to Scotland and took me with her. The child was born there—at Ardlochrie. Bob Gerrard, who had washed his hands of me and flung off when I had my trouble, had been writing to me again. The arrangement was that we should marry and live at the lodge and he should think that the baby was mine. If we lived on the place it would seem natural that Mrs. Welman should be interested in the child and she'd see to educating her and giving her a place in the world. She thought it would be better for Mary never to know the truth. Mrs. Welman gave us both a handsome sum of money—but I would have helped her without that. I've been quite happy with Bob but he never took to Mary. I've held my tongue and never said anything to anybody, but I think it's right in case I die that I should put this down in black and white.

"ELIZA GERRARD (BORN ELIZA RILEY)"

Hercule Poirot drew a deep breath and folded up the letter again.

Nurse Hopkins said anxiously: "What are you going to do about it? They're all dead now! It's no good raking up these things. Everyone looked up to Mrs. Welman in these parts—there's never been anything said against her. All this old scandal—it would be cruel. The same with Mary. She was a sweet girl—why should anyone have to know she was a bastard! Let the dead rest in peace in their graves, that's what I say."

Poirot said: "One has to consider the living."

Nurse Hopkins said: "But this has got nothing to do with the murder!"

Hercule Poirot said gravely: "It may have a great deal to do with it."

He went out of the cottage leaving Nurse Hopkins with her mouth open staring after him.

He had walked some way when he became aware of hesitating footsteps just behind him. He stopped and turned around.

It was Horlick, the young gardener from Hunterbury. He was looking the picture of embarrassment and twisting his cap round and round in his hands.

"Excuse me, sir, could I have a word with you?"

"Certainly. What is it?"

Horlick twisted the cap even more fiercely. He said, averting his eyes, and looking the picture of misery and embarrassment: "It's about that car."

"The car that was outside the back gate that morning?"

"Yes, sir. Dr. Lord said this morning that it wasn't his car—but it was, sir."

"You know that for a fact?"

"Yes, sir. Because of the number, sir. It was M.S.S. 2022. I noticed it particular. M.S.S. 2022. You see, we know it in the village and always call it Miss TouTou! I'm quite sure of it, sir."

Poirot said with a faint smile. "But Dr. Lord says he was over at Withenbury that morning."

Horlick said miserably: "Yes, sir. I heard him. But it *was* his car, sir. . . . I'll take my oath on that."

Poirot said gently: "Thank you, Horlick, that's just exactly what you may have to do. . . ."

"Your chauffeur's uniform will be old rose. You can still back out if you want to" HELEN E. HOKINSON

WAS it very hot in the court? Or very cold? Elinor Carlisle could not be quite sure. Sometimes she felt burning, as though with fever, and immediately after she shivered.

She had not heard the end of the prosecuting counsel's speech. She had gone back to the past—gone slowly through the whole business again from the day when that miserable letter came, to the moment when that smooth-faced police officer had said with horrible fluency:

"You are Elinor Katharine Carlisle. I have here a warrant for your arrest upon the charge of murdering Mary Gerrard by administering poison to her on the 27th of July last, and I must warn you that anything you say will be taken down in writing and may be used as evidence at your trial."

Horrible, frightening fluency. . . . She felt caught up in a smooth-running, well-oiled machinery—inhuman, passionless.

DR. LORD was giving evidence. Was this Peter Lord—that freckled, cheery young doctor who had been so kind and so friendly at Hunterbury? He was very stiff now. Sternly professional. His answers came monotonously—he had been summoned by telephone to Hunterbury Hall—too late for anything to be done—Mary Gerrard had died a few minutes after his arrival—death consistent in his opinion with morphine poisoning in one of its less common forms—the "foudroyant" variety.

Sir Edwin Bulmer rose to cross-examine.

"You were the late Mrs. Welman's regular medical attendant?"

"I was."

"During your visits to Hunterbury in June last, you had occasion to see the accused and Mary Gerrard together?"

"Several times."

"What should you say was the manner of the accused to Mary Gerrard?"

"Perfectly pleasant and natural."

Sir Edwin Bulmer said with a slight, disdainful smile: "You never saw any signs of this 'jealous hatred' we have heard so much about?"

Peter Lord, his jaw set, said firmly: "No."

Elinor thought: "But he did—he did. . . . He told a lie for me there. . . . He knew. . . ."

Peter Lord was succeeded by the police surgeon. His evidence was longer, more detailed. Death was due to morphine poisoning of the "foudroyant" variety. Would he kindly explain that term? With some enjoyment he did so. Death from morphine poisoning might result in several different ways. The most common was a period of intense excitement followed by drowsiness and narcosis—pupils of eyes contracted. Another, not so common, form had been named by the French foudroyant. In these cases deep sleep supervened in a very short time—about ten minutes—the pupils of the eyes were usually dilated. . . .

The court had adjourned and sat again. There had been some hours of expert medical testimony.

Dr. Alan Garcia, the distinguished analyst, full of learned terms, spoke of the stomach contents. . . . Bread, fish paste, tea—presence of morphine . . . more learned terms and various decimal points. . . . Amount taken by the deceased estimated to be about four grains. Fatal dose could be as low as one grain.

Sir Edwin rose, still bland.

"I should like to get it quite clear. You found in the stomach nothing but bread, butter, fish paste, tea and morphine. There were no other foodstuffs?"

"None!"

"That is to say, the deceased had eaten nothing but sandwiches and tea for some considerable time?"

"That is so."

"Was there anything to show in what particular vehicle the morphine had been administered?"

"I don't quite understand."

"I will simplify that question. The morphine could have been taken in the fish paste, or in the bread, or in the butter on the bread, or in the tea, or in the milk that had been added to the tea?"

"Certainly."

"There was no special evidence that the morphine was in the fish paste rather than in any of the other mediums?"

"No."

"And, in fact, the morphine *might* have been taken separately—that is to say, not in any vehicle at all. It could have been simply swallowed in its tablet form?"

"That is so, of course."

Sir Edwin sat down.

Sir Samuel re-examined.

"Nevertheless, you are of the opinion that, however the morphine was taken, it was taken at the same time as the other food and drink?"

"Yes."

"Thank you."

INSPECTOR BRILL had taken the oath with mechanical fluency. He stood there soldierly and stolid, reeling off his evidence with practiced ease:

"Summoned to the house . . . the accused said: 'It must have been fish paste' . . . search of the premises . . . one jar of fish paste washed out was standing on the draining board in the pantry—another half full . . . further search of pantry kitchen . . ."

"What did you find?"

"In a crack behind the table, between the floor boards, I found a tiny scrap of paper."

The exhibit went to the jury.

"What did you take it to be?"

"A fragment torn off a printed label—such as are used on glass tubes of morphine."

Counsel for the defense arose with leisurely ease. He said: "You found this scrap in a crack in the flooring?"

"Yes."

"Part of a label?"

"Yes."

"Did you find the rest of that label?"

"No."

"You did not find any glass tube or any bottle to which that label might have been affixed?"

"No."

"What was the state of that scrap of paper when you found it? Was it clean or dirty?"

"It was quite fresh."

"What do you mean, quite fresh?"

"There was surface dust on it from the flooring, but it was quite clean otherwise."

"It could not have been there for any length of time?"

"No, it had found its way there quite recently."

"You would say then that it had come there on the actual day you found it—not earlier?"

"Yes."

With a grunt Sir Edwin sat down.

(To be continued next week)

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Paul Robeson IS John Henry

Continued from page 15

the real McCoy, we'll need quarter tones and things."

"We've got to have the real McCoy," he said.

"Can you write quarter tones and things?" I asked.

"No," replied Mr. Wolfe, "but I'd like to hear the real McCoy."

We circulated informally over the back streets of New Orleans, we haunted remote plantation churches, we walked the river front and cotton fields, and visited penal farms.

Mr. Wolfe listened and said nothing but at the end of a week, he tore up the first-act music and he still had that worried look.

Two weeks later, we were at the Mississippi State Farm at Parchman, watching Negro convicts chop wood. They were singing Old Stewball as they worked.

In the midst of the song, Jacques said

"You won't have any trouble with Herbert, Doctor—he's fearless"

ADOLPH SCHUS

suddenly, "I want a piano. Do you suppose—"

Thirty minutes later, we were in the drawing room of William Alexander Percy, lawyer and poet, in Greenville thirty miles away. Wolfe began at once to play Old Stewball with the same forceful simplicity displayed by the Negroes of Camp No. 10. For the first time, that worried look melted into a broad grin. "That will be the Crawfish Song chorus," he announced, "in the levee camp scene. I almost wish it were something else so John Henry could lead that chorus because I'd like to hear Paul Robeson do it."

Mr. Robeson's name had not been mentioned by either of us since the collaboration began. We had both simply taken it for granted that he would play the title role.

Then Sam Byrd, the producer, and Anthony Brown, the director, came to New Orleans. One of the first things Mr. Byrd said was, "I don't think we can get Robeson, because he's making pictures in England. Have you anybody else in mind?"

I mumbled a few names while Mr. Brown offered valid objections to each: "He's a small-bit player and can't sustain a role; he's been drinking and his voice is ruined; he's a concert singer and will stop acting and do a number every time he has a song to sing," etc.

A few weeks later, I went to New York. Word got around that an all-colored show was being cast and a well-known actor and singer was recommended for the title role by his representative. Sam and I heard him sing. He had what we both already knew: a magnificent voice and a pleasing personality. Though neither Mr. Byrd nor I had mentioned Paul Robeson, the representative said, immediately after the actor left, "You can get this man for half what you'd have to pay Robeson."

Even another actor's agent knew instinctively that John Henry was Paul Robeson's role. Afterward, Mr. Byrd said, "What do you think?"

"He could do it," I said, "but he isn't John Henry to me."

"Me neither," Sam said with ungrammatic emphasis.

When I was summoned to a meeting with Mr. Robeson and his representative, Mr. Robert Rockmore, I did not wonder how it happened that Robeson was in a downtown New York office building instead of in England making motion pictures. It seemed perfectly natural that he would be there when the time came for him and John Henry to get together.

"A Man Which C'd Git About"

For John Henry always managed to be in the right place at the right time, and I would never question Mr. Robeson's possession of the same faculty. I had made that mistake once when I asked a Negro storyteller how it happened that John Henry was simultaneously at the corner of Third and Bird in Argenta, Arkansas, and Saratoga and Conti in New Orleans.

"John Henry," it was explained, "was a man which c'd git about."

I had never met Paul Robeson before, but I had heard him in concerts and seen him on stage and screen. There were the usual formalities of introduction and polite chatter between us while Mr. Byrd and Mr. Rockmore discussed business.

Then Paul Robeson smiled. "I like John Henry," he said.

Aloud I said, "Thank you," but I thought, "That's him. Old John Henry. He's six feet tall and his feet don't touch the ground."

Mr. Robeson did not want to make a decision just then, for there were, he said, certain difficulties in the way.

"For instance?" I asked.

Like the artist he is, he spoke simply, specifically and honestly. "I'm afraid of Mr. Wolfe's music," he said. "Jacques is a great composer, but this is a simple tale and the music shouldn't be elaborate."

"Will you keep an open mind on the music until you hear what Jacques has done for this show?" I suggested.

We went to the Wolfe apartment and Mr. Robeson listened. I knew the music was right but I was relieved when I saw that big smile spread. "You've done it, Jacques!" Paul exclaimed. "Yes, that's the John Henry music, all right."

There were changes to be made in the script—there will be changes until the curtain is raised and Paul John Henry Robeson begins telling everybody what he wants to eat. Yes, Paul Robeson is John Henry, and John Henry is Paul Robeson and you can't stop him!

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(from a letter by L. T. B., Smackover, Ark.)

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(from a letter by S. C. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.)

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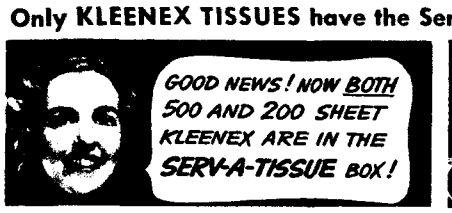
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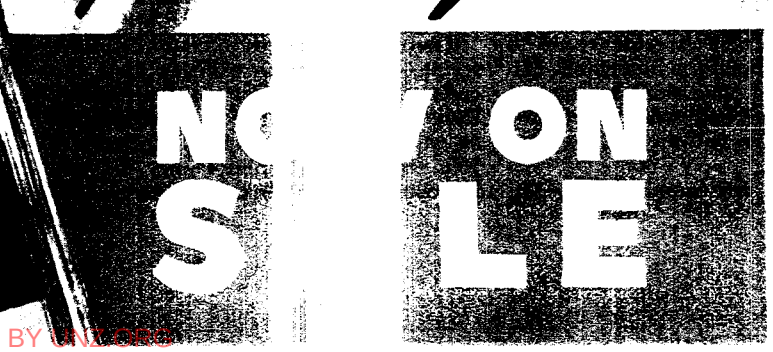

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The Road Leads West

Continued from page 13

and turned toward him, one hand on his arm and her eyes searching his. "Chung knows that this is not a war that can be fought with words."

He did not answer for a moment. Feather saw him pause on a long breath, shake his head in a puzzled fashion, like one waking up from sleep. "Truly," he said then. "You are quite right. I—I have just been telling—explaining—to Feather, what our new plans are."

Joy gave a little laugh of triumph. "Our plans," she repeated. "Tomorrow or next day, when we come to the north road, we are going to the army, Feather. Going to join the Dare-to-Dies." She had won more than a victory of ideas. The inflections of her voice and her possessive gestures clearly showed that she was taking a man she wanted away from a rival.

It is the part of wisdom, Feather thought, to know when you are defeated. In her presence I am only a shadow. I am as light and bodiless as my own name. She is the wrong one for you, Chung, leading you in the wrong direction, but I cannot make you see because she has convinced you that I plead only for myself. He was speaking now, but she had lost the beginning of it; his words did not make sense: a caravan going south, with men and women both—the guides had told him, and arrangements could be made—it was still quite possible to get safely to Hong Kong.

"You mean I am to turn back?" asked Feather.

"Well—" he began.

Joy broke in briskly: "Yes, turn back. It is the only sensible thing to do. You are so gentle, Feather. Not adapted to hardship. And you could help on the cause, you know, from that end also. There are always bandages to roll, and things like that. Women's work."

"And I should be worried about you, going on alone," Chung said.

"I shall not be alone."

"In a way you will. I want to think of you in a safe place . . . well and happy."

For your own comfort, not for mine. She could not say it. She did not dare to speak, for fear of sobs caught in her throat.

"We must eat rice," Joy said. "Already we have let the food grow cold."

EVERYONE went to bed soon after supper, tired from a long day past, more weary still from expectation of tomorrow's countless steps. Feather lay wrapped in her single blanket, adjusting her body to the uneven ground. Memories of the march came crowding through her mind; she did not want to recall these things but could not help herself.

She remembered a carambola that Chung had brought her. Pale yellow, juicy, faintly sweet—a fruit she had never much esteemed. But that day it tasted like ambrosia because he shared it with her. Because it was only the first of sharing, the beginning of adventures met together. Walking, forever walking, the long, hot miles pulled slowly away behind them. Chung sought her out each day; they were never tired of talking of the new world to be built. It did not matter then that her feet grew feverish and blistered, her shoulders lame from the heavy pack.

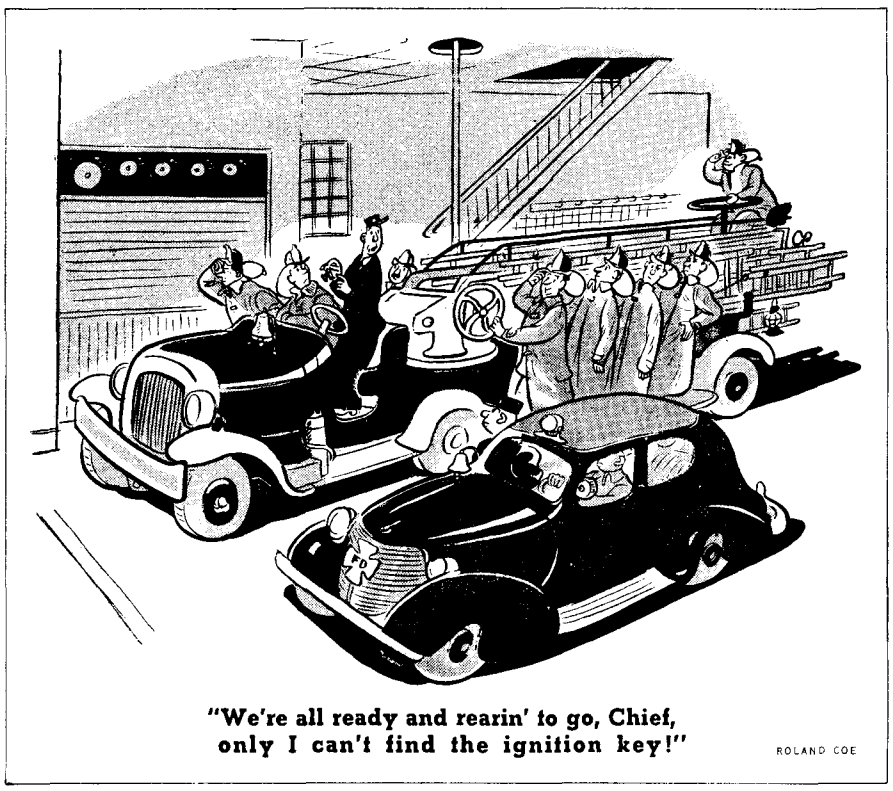
One day they came to a great river, whose gray waters curved away to the southeast. There had been no raids in this part of the country, and junks sailed freely up and down the stream.

"You are sure you are strong enough to continue?" Chung asked Feather more than once. "You won't be sorry later on?" But she thought that his anxiety rose from fear of losing her.

"You know that the mountains lie ahead," Joy Ma put in. She was always close beside them at that time. They had been three instead of two since the first week. Already her constant chatter about the army had begun. *How blind I was, how incredibly stupid!*

Feather turned restlessly on the ground, clasping her hands behind her head and staring up at the night. . . .

LATE the next afternoon they came to a monastery—temples with many separate courtyards, many buildings. Here they were to spend another night. Feather had found this last march wearisome. She hated to trudge the miles that would be so soon retraced, but she must go on till they met the caravan promised by the guides. Nothing had yet been seen of it.



"We're all ready and rearin' to go, Chief, only I can't find the ignition key!"

ROLAND COE

While rice was being cooked, there was time to sight-see; monks with shaven heads and smooth, inscrutable faces came to guide the party, but Feather wandered off alone. Inside the gate of the main courtyard was a tall tree with narrow, pointed foliage. Like a sacred tree she had heard of, whose leaves each spring bore holy characters; if you owned one of them, your prayers were granted by the gods. . . . But Chung had said that it was not true. Chung said that the priests came secretly at night to print the magic letters. Feather stood on toetips to reach a branch—there was no writing on the grayish dusty leaves. Nevertheless she twisted off a leaf and hid it in her sleeve.

She could hear her friends moving about the temple, learnedly discussing the altars and tall, gilded idols, but she had no wish to join them. She looked up through the twinkling leaves of the tree to a tiny crescent moon—the feather moon for which she had been named. As a little girl her mother often had held her up to see the new moon sailing over the peaceful garden that was now so far away. Thoughts of home came flooding into her mind. She had been gently cherished there, the "precious dove" of parents and doting grandparents as well. And now they must be mourning her, wondering how she fared on this strange, perilous venture.

I am giving it up, my mother. I am coming home. Not home, exactly—home was gone, but in Hong Kong with their rich kinsmen it would be almost the same. And there, perhaps, she could forget, be happy once again.

An old, old priest approached her, carrying in his hand a cylinder of hollow bamboo filled with small, flat sticks. Feather knew the little prayer sticks that fall in the pattern of the future, and she smiled timidly at him, showing a piece of money on her palm. "Tell me what is going to happen, Holy One."

He would not take the silver but he gave the bamboo cup into her hand and showed her how to shake it, how to let the little sticks fall out on the flat tiles. Then for a long time he bent over them, muttering to himself. When he looked up again, his eyes went past her, staring far away; he spoke in a singsong chant.

"The path lies dark before you," he said. "A long and difficult journey. And the road leads always to the west."

Before he could say more, the rest of the party came crowding out of the temple, teasing a little when they saw how she was occupied. Joy's laugh, of course, was louder than the rest. "Look, look! Here is Feather having her fortune told."

COLOR rose in the thin cheeks of the younger girl. She saw Joy's strong, round face, her bright eyes and flashing smile, through a curious reddish haze. This must be hatred. But the other had done no wrong—she had only succeeded where Feather had failed. Therefore it was herself she must despise. Why am I always so helpless before her? Feather prayed that this misery would end before another moonrise. Once with the caravan she could be as wretched as she chose, freed of the present stark necessity to save face.

But they set out in a new dawn with no word of the merchants, and in the middle of that forenoon arrived at a refugee camp. Children ran out from it half naked, with ribs like cages, cupping their scrawny hands to beg for cumshaw. It was so long since she had seen any travelers but themselves. Feather had almost forgotten that there were others following the same road. Here were people from provinces near their own, speaking the same dialect, like them seeking sanctuary in the west. Like them, save for the difference that destitution makes.

"We can do nothing here. We have only enough for our own needs," Joy was saying in an impatient voice.

"But we can talk to them. Bring news at least. Perhaps that will be something," Su Chung answered.

A woman carrying a young infant stopped near them. The child lay on the mother's arm like a thin doll; its fathomless dark eyes stared into space with the same patient wisdom Feather had seen in the eyes of the old priest.

"It is a boy?" she asked gently.

"A son. A first-born son," the mother said. And Feather realized that she was young, no older than herself perhaps, though with all bloom of youth erased.

"And the father?"

"He is lying over there."

SHE noticed then that there were people lying down, stretched out in the shade of bushes or clumps of grass, too weak or listless to take part in the new excitement, and it came into her mind that this must be starvation. She was growing used to the bony figures, the too-thin faces and feverish eyes. These were no scamps or ruffians; here were such people as she had often known, owners of little shops or farms, craftsmen of one kind or another. There was one old woman hobbling on bound feet; it seemed incredible that she had made this journey.

"Grandmother-one, how did you ever manage to come so far?"

"How else when our whole village was blown to bits? Here you see all who remain of the clans who dwelt there."

"You have been long on the road?"

"Three months."

And she who had found her three-weeks journey endless! A feeling of deep shame pervaded her. "But surely you could not walk so far, Grandmother."

"I walked more *li* than you would think. Though in truth not all the way. There was one with a stout back to *mei* me when the going grew too rough. A good lad, indeed."

"Your son, no doubt. Or your grandson."

"No child of mine. Though I had children before the bombers came. A son, and daughters also, and their families. But what is to be will be, you understand. Their fate was death."

"Why did you not seek the foreign settlements?" Feather cried. "It would have been much easier, more sensible."

A glimmering smile lighted the wrinkled countenance before her; the tiny black eyes twinkled. "You do not need to ask that, Daughter. You, who have also chosen to take the hard road west and build the country up again, and drive off the invaders in the end."

No, no! her heart cried out. I have not so chosen; it was a mistake. I am going back again. I am only waiting for the merchant caravan which comes this way. She began to reckon up the money that she had, wondering if there was enough to arrange safe conduct for this old crone likewise. Then as so often in the past, Joy's voice cut sharp across the fabric of her thought:

"Feather, we cannot stay dawdling here. Give them an alms if you can spare it, and let us be on our way again. We have no time to waste."

Feather did not reply. Though she was looking straight at Joy and Chung she did not see them. She was seeing

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the mountain roads again, the weary dusty miles, and a small bent figure walking with a staff or riding pickaback on willing shoulders. . . .

"Feather, wake up! We are leaving now. The rest have already started."

"Yes, that is all right. Go on at any time. Do not bother about me. I am staying here."

"But you can't do that," Su Chung exclaimed. "That is impossible."

"And you have no right to hold us up like this," Joy added crossly.

Feather looked at her with indifference. Joy's power to confuse and hurt her had gone forever; she did not know when or how. "Surely it is no part of your duty," she said, "to teach me mine."

"These folk will rob you as soon as we're out of sight. Take all you have."

"They cannot steal what is already theirs. You have told me often enough that I lack hardihood. But my strength is doubtless as much as these others! And we will find the way to the west together—eh, Grandmother?" she finished gently, turning away from Joy and Chung, back to the old woman.

"Mistress, your heart is large. But I will tell you the truth. There is sickness in this camp, and it may well be the plague. Give us some money if you can spare it and go on your way again."

"What did I tell you!" Joy had sprung back, her face convulsed with terror. "We must get out of here at once. We were fools ever to stop."

Su Chung moved forward and his hand closed around Feather's wrist. "Now you must surely come."

SHE shook herself free. "Was it not only two nights ago that you bade me do woman's work? Nursing the sick cannot be called anything different."

"But if it is the plague?"

"I also can join the Dare-to-Dies. Why do you think it should be otherwise?"

For a long moment they looked at each other. Then she said, "Go. It is all right. Your destiny waits for you. But mine is here."

"Chung," Joy called in a loud voice. "Su Chung!"

"Yes, I am coming. In one second." Once more he spoke to Feather: "I must catch up with the guides, you see, and get our share of the food, and what else we can use. I will be back as soon as I can make it."

"Chung!" Joy repeated, aghast and desolate. But he did not notice; he was watching Feather, seeing the light dawn deep in her eyes.

"You are coming back?"

He said with tender mocking: "Why do you think it should be otherwise?"

Then his steps were brisk on the path; they mingled with Joy's before they faded, and Feather could hear two voices raised in argument. ("Truly you are most foolish." "Truly, I have been so.") Warmth grew around her heart. She turned a smiling face to the old woman.

"Grandmother, let us look at the sick ones now. I promise you that it is not the plague; it is not death. I have a way to know—the word of one who is very old and wise. Thus he spoke: 'The journey is long and difficult, but the road still leads to the west.'"

He was so holy, she thought. So aged, and filled with the wisdom of many years. Surely such a one was not mistaken. Yet, in one thing he had been wrong, for Chung was coming back again and the way would not be dark.

Steady Job

Continued from page 11

"I spose when you get old and cripplin' around, Mr. Allen is goin' to have to night-watch hisself, you bein' the only able-bodied man in this town."

"When that happens you won't be around to see it. My grandpappy lived to be ninety-nine. . . ."

"And kilt hisself fixin' fence in the rain. Tellin' that story over and over is goin' to wear you out if nothin' else won't."

When Lem arrived at the power plant of the college, he was glad to find Bert Wheeler, the college handyman, along with Jim, the boilerman.

"How's the boy, Bert," Lem began.

"Bad," said Bert. "Don't get no relief from this back of mine. Got a terrible mis'ry in it."

Lem nodded his understanding of Bert's plight.

"Well, brother, you talk about mis'ry. I had a tooth onct that hurt so dern bad it plumb withered all the leaves on the place."

He winked and Jim grinned. Bert nodded too, and said he'd swap his back for a toothache any time; then he forced himself to say rather gutturally, "Mr. Allen says you was to drop by his house before you start tonight."

"What's that old buzzard want?"

Bert averted his eyes. "He jes' says you was to stop by."

LEM plodded down to see Mr. Allen, who lived on the edge of the campus and was superintendent of buildings and grounds. He went to the back door.

Mr. Allen didn't ask him in; he came out on the back porch.

"Bert says you wanted to see me."

"Yes, I wondered if you'd stay on a few nights until he knows the ropes."

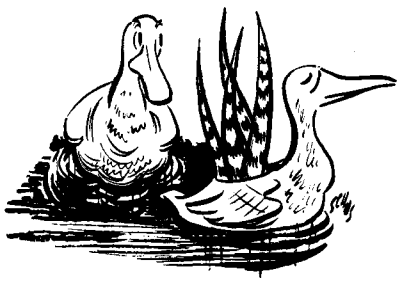
"How's that again?" asked Lem bewildered.

"Didn't Bert tell you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, he should have," Mr. Allen fumed. "Why didn't he?"

It was purely a rhetorical question. Mr. Allen knew well enough why Bert hadn't said anything. For that same reason he didn't want to break the news either, but now he'd have to; so he sat down in a porch chair and tried: "You see, Lem, it's like this. The university is a business and I try to handle my end of it by business methods. Now my records show that you're too old for your



job. You're seventy-one, and much as I appreciate your loyalty and service, I'll have to retire you."

Lem gripped the porch rail. "You mean I'm fahred?"

Mr. Allen tried to answer the incredulity in Lem's voice, tried to make it all simple and logical for him. "Now, Lem," he begged, "let's not get upset. We all have to face it some day. In your case it ought to be easier with a good record behind you. You know a long time ago I told you that. . . ."

"What've I done?"

"Nothing, Lem; that's not it. Now, you remember I told you a long while ago that as an employee of the university if you'd take out this retirement insurance and put in five per cent, the college would put in five and you'd have something put away for your old age? Well, you've been doing that for nineteen years and I figured it will come to over fifteen hundred dollars. You could live a long time on fifteen hundred dollars, couldn't you?"

"Who're you puttin' on stid o' me?"

"Lem, didn't you hear me what I said about the money?"

"Yessir, I heard. That's nice. I want to know who you're puttin' on."

"Bert Wheeler. He's got a big family and the odd jobs he picks up aren't enough to keep them all."

Mr. Allen hoped that Lem would see the point. Ordinarily Lem would have, but an unreasoning resentment rose in his heart. He said rather shortly:

"With that sore back he's always braggin' about, he ain't goin' to be worth a hoot at night-watchin'. Takes an able-bodied man to night-watch. And outside of that, it ain't fair to cut me off right in the prime o' life."

"Seventy-one," his employer murmured.

Instinctively Lem clenched his knotted fist. He had a good notion to tell old pot-bellied Allen he could lick him quick enough, seventy or no seventy. But Mr. Allen was the boss and had to be reasoned with. "Listen, Mr. Allen," he begged, "I come of a long-livin' race o' men. I still got fifteen years of good active life. I ain't sure about my age nohow—I'm like as not about sixty. I ain't old. I'm spry!"

He looked up pleadingly, but Mr. Allen, who never frittered away his time with a closed mind, unless it was his own, only said:

"That'll be all, Lem; you'll get the usual two weeks' pay, though I don't think you'll have to show Bert more than one night. Drop in my office on Monday and I'll explain your annuity."

He looked over Lem's head at the Blue Ridge, growing purple in the twilight. "Beautiful sunset we're having," he remarked and went back into the house.

LEM stumbled away, hot with disappointment and disgust.

When he had retraced his steps to the power plant, he walked right up to where Bert was sitting and unslung his time clock, passing it over to him. "Say," said Bert, "I'm awful sorry about this yere. I hope you don't think I'm tryin' to git yer job."

Lem didn't answer, nor would he look at Bert.

"Listen," Bert begged, "I wouldn't've tuk it if Mr. Allen didn't say he was goin' to lay you off anyhow. I won't take it now if you say the word. I'll go right on home if you say so."

"Naw," said Lem, "you stay right here. It ain't yer fault. I'll show you all I know. Here's the gun, too."

He could hardly keep his voice natural when he parted with that. Bert took it reverently. "What is it," he asked, "thirty-two?"

"Yep," said Lem, "but it'd ought to be a thirty-eight police special."

"How you figger that? Won't this yere kill a man?"

"It'll kill a man all right. Course, I wouldn't never kill a man. I'd shoot fer his legs. That's the way I am, but it'd ought to be a thirty-eight police special anyway. And you ought to have a uniform that'd make you look more like a policeman. Why, I ain't sure it wouldn't pay a man to git a badge sayin' night watchman and pin it onto your coat. It

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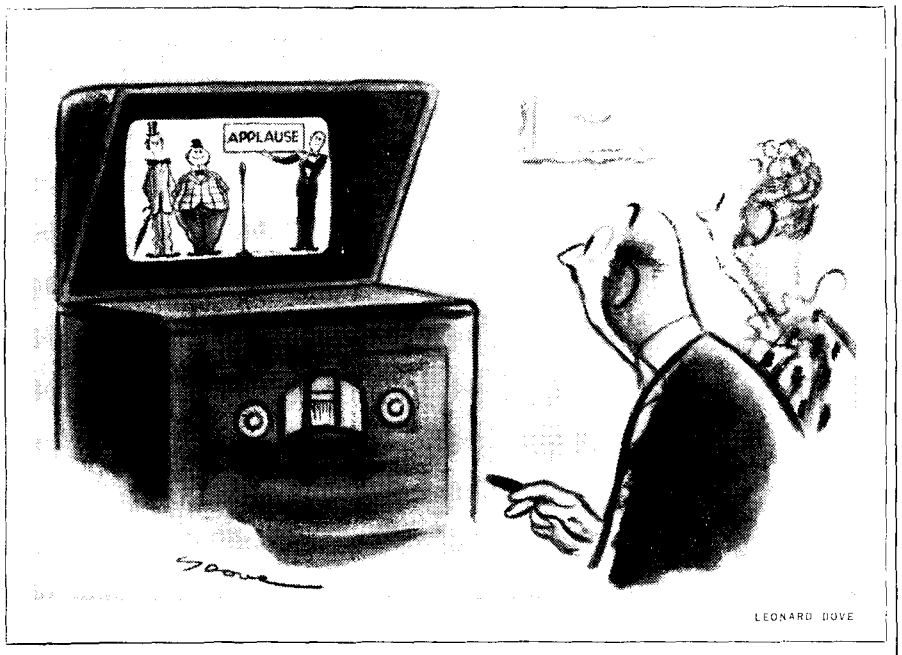


might cost a dollar, but it'd be worth it. The college ought to do that if they wasn't so stinkin' small. The way I figger it, looks an' appearance is the biggest part of this job."

Bert nodded profoundly and looked more than a trifle glum to think that the college would probably never furnish him with a uniform or a thirty-eight police special either. For a while they smoked in silence until Lem announced that it was time to make the first round.

"There's a lot of things about a job like this," said Lem proudly, "that calls for some thought. Now you take this basement door to the liberry. I lock it every night at nine, like the liberrian said, and you watch. At midnight, that's when I make my next round, it'll be unlocked. It ain't always been that way, jes' the last few days, but it's funny. I lock it again and I betcha after that it stays locked the whole night. Never see nobody around. Nothin' stole. I thought maybe I'd solve that one, but I don't know now."

THEY walked in melancholy silence through the uneventful round.

The twelve o'clock round was harder. There were innumerable stairs to climb to cut off lights after neglectful students.

The lights in the chemistry laboratory they left blazing. "Ain't you goin' to cut off them there?" asked Bert.

"Nope. That's old Doc Grinnel. He'll mess around in that lab'tory with them tes' tubes half the night, but he'll shet off the lights when he's done."

They stumbled along the cobble road that led away from the chemistry building and were glad to come out on the smooth turf of the lower campus. "Now whin you cross here," Lem said, "you don't never want to walk in the same place. You'll be fooled how quick one man can start a path all by hisself.

"And it's a good idee to mix it up so no one don't learn your habits."

In the middle of his explanation Bert grabbed his arm. They stopped and stared. It wasn't a cow as they first thought, for one form broke and ran like sin in the direction of the shacks that flanked the town; the other, a big strapping man, their flashlight showed, remained contentedly drunk upon the ground, his wide face beaming in vacuous pleasure.

"Get up," Lem ordered.

"Who says so?"

"I say so!"

"And who're you?"

Lem didn't hang back wavering over technicalities. He took charge as befitted an old hand. "I'm night watchman of this yere college," he growled, "and I got the power and the authority to run you in. I got the law behind me, as you will find if you git too pert. Now git up!"

"I can't get up," reasoned the man pleasantly; "I'm drunk as a monkey."

"You're skonk drunk!" accused Lem.

The man answered this charge by raucous singing.

"Shet up!" snapped Lem.

"Don't you like singing?"

"Yes, I like singin'—singin' that's decent, but I don't like this boasterous singin'. This campus is too respectful a place for that. Now you skedaddle."

"Help me up then."

They raised the singer to his feet and guided him to the edge of the campus, where upon the sidewalk he could manage alone.

"What's yer name?" asked Lem before he let him go.

"Stuff."

"Stuff what?"

"Nothing. Just Stuff."

"Then, Stuff, I want to tell you something. You're a disgrace to the white generation. Now I don't want to catch you around here agin, not never."

When at length Stuff had staggered out of sight, he turned to Bert: "See, that's the way you treat 'um. 'Course you have to pick and choose. If that was a perfesser, you'd pretend like you didn't see him. You begin to git the responsibility goes with this job? You begin to git the hang of it?"

All night long he explained to his pupil the dignity of the office: all night long he sounded warnings. When he left him in the morning he promised, "I'll be back again tomorrow night."

"You don't need to," said Bert, "I can make out alone easy."

"No, I'll be back. And look, if it's all the same to you, I'll take the clock and the gun. I'll have 'um here in time."

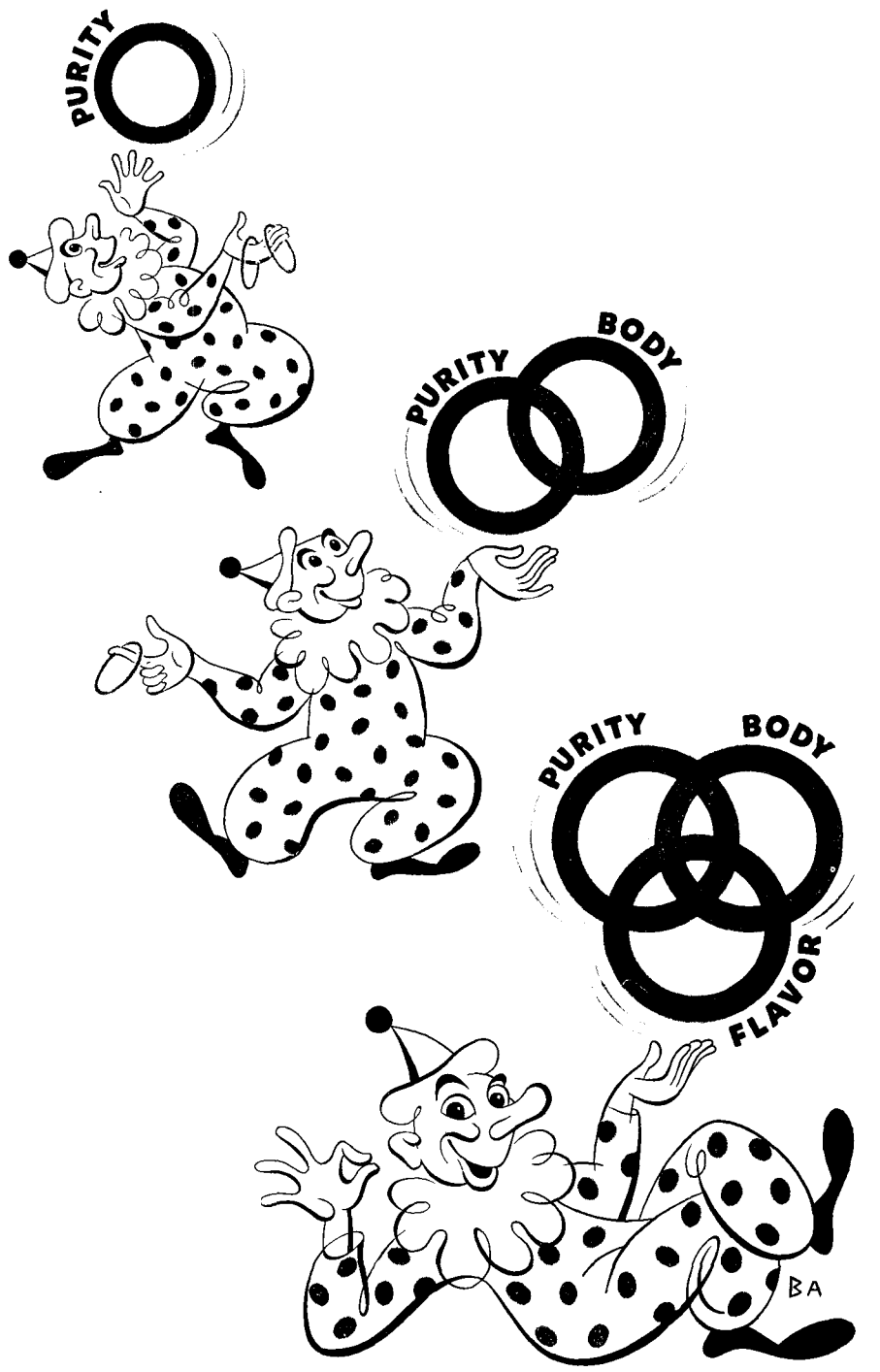
SUNDAY evening at suppertime Lizzie woke him as usual. But the meal was different. There was chicken and ham and quince preserves and beaten biscuits.

"Wisht every day was Sunday," Lem said.

"'Twould be if you'd quit that night-watchin'," said Lizzie. "Why don't you quit that ole job, Lem, so you an' me could go to meetin' together?"

"Wimmin talk too much," he told her sternly.

He got terribly suspicious that Lizzie knew he'd been fired when he opened his lunch that night. It was so good and there was so much, it looked like consolation. He gave most of it to Bert, who smacked his lips. When he said goodby to Bert the next morning a lump rose in his throat; for there was no need to return. Bert had learned all there was to know. But again he couldn't bring him-



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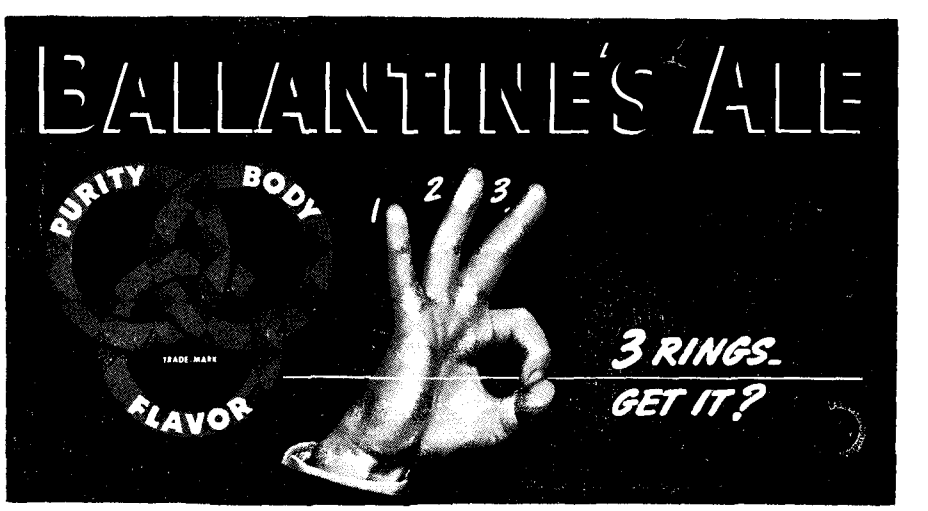

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self to tell Liz—he had made such a point of being the only man for his job. Bert Wheeler with a misery in his back was too humiliating. "Can't sleep nights anyhow," he told Bert; "might's well come on down yere."

The lunches never diminished and the meals he got were a caution. Lizzie cooked him everything he liked.

"What come over you all at onct?" he growled, "feedin' me up like I was the preacher?"

"Got tahred of hearin' you take on about yer vittles," said Lizzie, "but you'd complain anyhow, wouldn't you? First things ain't good enough; now they's too good."

"I ain't kickin'. Jes' thought it was funny."

"Ain't many teas bein' give. Reckon I got to keep my hand in if it's only on you. Besides, you're gettin' so old and wuthless, if you're ever goin' to eat good cookin' you better eat it now."

It did him good to hear her talk like that. It seemed like old times to have her light into him; and it meant that he had fooled her. But it worried him too. He couldn't go on forever this way. Bert was getting surly about his taking the clock and the gun home every night.

SATURDAY night he gave Lizzie the grocery money, but she said she didn't need it. "I been paddlin' wahnuts and chinkepins some," she said, "down at the entrance gate."

Lem flew into a towering passion. His wife peddling chinquapins! Trying to make out he couldn't provide for her, was she? "When you want money you come to me!" he bellowed. "Ain't nobody goin' to say my woman has to paddle chinkepins!"

Seemed like everybody had set out to worry him. Like Bert that night refusing to test the library door on the second round. "What's the use?" said Bert. "When it's locked, it's locked. It ain't never unlocked itself since I been here."

"It ain't night-watchin'!" said Lem, and climbed down to do it himself.

Sunday night Bert was glad of his help. He slept in a powerhouse chair after the nine o'clock round, and at midnight could barely rouse himself.

"Doin's up to our place today," he apologized. "Kin folk stopped by. Kept me awake most all day."

"You catch another nap; I'll go round for you," Lem offered. "Better let me have the gun."

"Ain't nothin' goin' to eat you."

"You got to do it right," said Lem.

He hooked the flashlight to his belt and strapped on the gun. It felt good there against his side. The night was a pretty night, one of those early fall nights that are neither warm nor cold with no moon or stars. It was a velvet night, the darkness so smooth you could almost feel it with your hand. They could have their noonday glare and noise, thought Lem. Give him a night like this any time.

He moved along so pleasantly that when he came to that library basement door he hated to leave the soft turf and have to listen to his shoes crunching down and up those concrete steps. Bert was right; there wasn't any call to lock a door that was already locked. Whatever it was that had unlocked that door a week or so back had gone away now. Maybe he'd only imagined it, the way Bert said. But if he passed it by, that wouldn't be good night-watchin'. He paused and flashed his light down. A man was crouching there, hugging the wall.

"Hey, come out of that!"

He'd barely got out the words before a gun flamed in his face. He fell like a log, prone, one hand grasping the gun he had drawn, one still holding the flashlight. The intruder ran up the steps, leaped over him and started running. But he didn't get far. Lem leveled his gun and shot twice, carefully. The man dropped in a groaning heap and lay there gripping his leg as Lem approached cautiously to disarm him. By the time Bert appeared and ran off again to call Mr. Allen and the police, Lem had a chance to investigate his moaning victim, less out of sympathy than to appraise his own marksmanship. He'd only hit him once, just above the right knee, but it was enough. "Brother," said Lem, "I've picked the eye right out of a gray squirrel in a walnut tree before now—and you thought *you* could git away!"

The next two hours were exciting ones for Lem. Mr. Allen did a lot of telephoning and got the police and a doctor and the librarian. They found in the back of the burglar's parked car a pile of books—incunabula, the librarian called them. "Old books," Mr. Allen explained, the most priceless treasures the university possessed. When it was all over and the robber was patched up and lodged in jail and Bert had been sent home because he complained his back hurt him so, Mr. Allen turned to Lem.

"How is it you happened to be here?" he asked.

"I jes' couldn't bring myself to quit," grinned Lem. "Maybe you'll admit this ain't no job for a man with a bad back now."

There was a twinkle in Mr. Allen's eye. "Maybe I will, Lem. How old did you say you really were."

"Not a day past sixty!"

Lem hoped that when he got home Liz would be there. But she wasn't. His breakfast was on the stove for him right enough, but no Lizzie. "Dang it," said Lem to himself, "if she's out pickin' up chinkepins . . ."

He sat up in bed smoking and waiting for Lizzie, but the next thing he knew she was shaking him. "Supper's ready. What's wrong with you? You gettin' too old to take off your clothes when you get into the bed?"

"I ain't so old I can't catch a thief," said Lem.

He started to go into details but Liz stopped him. "I heered about the whole thing," she said.

"I suppose," said Lem with sarcasm, "you heered Mr. Allen tellin' me they wasn't nobody could do night-watchin' like I could, 'n that I could night-watch till kingdom come if I wanted to."

LIZZIE looked up quickly. She couldn't help letting him see the happiness in her eyes before she hid it with a frown. "Gimme yer coat," she said, "I'll sew it up for you while you eat. The shoulder's all ripped out."

"That's where his bullet went," Lem told her proudly. "Wisht you could see where I bored him through the leg. Clean as a chittlin'. And you don't need to sew that coat up neither. Mr. Allen's goin' to git me a uniform, jes' like a policeman, and he's goin' to git me a bran'-new thirty-eight police special too."

"All right, I won't sew it then. I'll leave it like this so's you kin brag on it. Yore dinner's gittin' cold."

"You better make it a good 'un," Lem warned her.

When he came out into the kitchen a familiar odor met his nostrils. "Hey, what's this?" he reproached her.

"Hit's good food," snapped Liz, "and hit's time you was actin' and eatin' like other folks, now you got yer job back."

"Who tol' you about that?"

"Nobody had to tell me nothin'. They's some things I jes' know. An' I know you been gettin' vittles too rich for you. Makin' you brash as a jay bird. Now you set right down there and eat yore side meat!"

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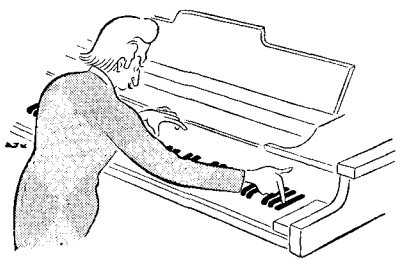
Smart Money

Continued from page 10

four dollars a week. He worked for a livery stable—as a starter at the trains for the hacks. He sold papers on the street. In between times he peddled for his father. Then he got a job as a bartender in a saloon at 543 West Street, kept by his brother-in-law. In 1899 he married Miss Sadie Cecilia Friedman in Chicago. He is still married to the same lady, who has borne him nine children, eight of whom are still living.

Chicago's Reign of Terror

Shortly after Moe's marriage something happened to Chicago. An elemental force struck it, something like the breaking of a dam or a Tatar invasion. William Randolph Hearst started a newspaper there—the American. He came with that strange, undisciplined vigor of his youth, with the successes of New York and San Francisco behind him, with an ocean of yellow news and a trunk full of money. And he sent a shiver of fear up and down the spines of the other publishers of Chicago. The town already had a multitude of papers—the Tribune, the News, the Chronicle, Inter-Ocean, Herald, Record, Post and Journal. The hunt for readers was already a fierce one. And now Hearst came charging into the city with the well-known methods of competition



which had produced the famous battle between the Journal and Pulitzer's World in New York. His appearance in Chicago was the signal for the beginning of what has come to be known as the bloodiest and most ruthless circulation war in American journalism.

Just who started this war is a matter of some confusion. There are several versions. The various versions are written in the records of criminal and civil courts and of grand juries. Andrew M. Lawrence, Hearst's major general in those battles, says they were started by McCormick. Max Annenberg, Moe's brother, says they were started by Hearst and Lawrence. Moe Annenberg says they were started by the late Victor Lawson, publisher of the News and founder of the Associated Press. Whoever started them, the Annenbergs were drawn into the turbulent vortex early in the struggle. But the story is not quite as it has been written so far as Moe Annenberg is concerned. For, according to most of the latter-day chroniclers, Moe and Max have been credited with recruiting the gangster mercenaries who made the blood flow around the corner newsstands of Chicago. Here is what happened:

When Hearst entered Chicago, Max Annenberg was working for the Tribune circulation department in a minor capacity. He transferred his energies to the Hearst organization. He was a youth of great animal energy, courage, drive, assurance; with unmistakable elements of leadership. It did not take him long to rise through the grades of solicitor, inspector, verifier and branch manager to circulation manager of the American.

Moe went to work under Max as a solicitor. He became what was called a 40-mile road man. That is, he knocked on doors in the outlying districts, got subscriptions and kept an eye on deliveries. He was successful in this, became head of the solicitors and finally circulation manager of the Examiner, which Hearst established as a morning paper in 1904.

Before Hearst's entry into Chicago, the rivalry between the papers was keen and at times rough. The newsboy was then the important keyman in the downtown street circulation. Newsboys carried the issues of a single paper. They kept up an incessant war on the corners to sell their respective papers. And the papers kept up an incessant war to recruit and hold newsboys. The Daily News circulation department had shown the most energy and resourcefulness in controlling the newsboys. They had a crew of resolute men who commanded these newsboy brigades.

When Hearst added a new competitor for the services of newsboys and newsstands, almost all the available boys and all the best sales points were pre-empted by his older rivals. This led Hearst to use vigorous and far from polite methods to break into the business.

At this time Andrew M. Lawrence—"Long Green" Andy Lawrence, he was called—was the head of the editorial department of the Hearst papers in Chicago and personally in charge of the circulation drive. A portion of that drive may be included in the years 1904 to 1907. In that period the circulation business of Chicago may be described as a very rough world, a continuous day-and-night contest between tough agents to get their papers on the stands or into the hands of boys and prominently displayed on newsstands. And there were arguments, fist fights, small-scale battles, stands upset, jaws broken. During that time Moe was in active command of circulation for the Examiner. It was no place for a timid soul. And as the battle waxed it became rougher and more turbulent. It became, to use Moe's own word, "terrible."

With 1907 a new phase opened in this fierce competition. And it was in this year that the first real gang wars started. That is, in this year, according to Max Annenberg, Long Green Andy Lawrence headed a conspiracy to ruin the circulation of the Tribune and began to hire thugs and sluggers to beat up the newsboys, the circulation inspectors and truck drivers of the Tribune and other papers.

Chicago's Loss, Milwaukee's Gain

Lawrence insists that there was a conspiracy among the other publishers to drive Hearst out of Chicago. Whoever actually started it, one thing is admitted. A reign of terror raged around the newsstands. Each side hired gangsters. The Hearst camp hired fellows like Vincent Altman, Gus and Dutch Gentleman, Nick O'Donnell and eight or ten others. The Tribune hired a pleasant bunch of sluggers like Mossy Enright, Jim Ragen, Walter Stevens, Frank McErlane and Arthur McBride. The two armies of hoodlums grew until there were about thirty on each side.

They went around armed to the teeth. They rode with the trucks. They stopped rival trucks. They beat up drivers, carriers, news dealers. They shot it out at intervals, spreading terror at the street corners. In the course of that war twenty-seven men and boys were killed and a large number wounded.

This war in its first phase worried along for several years from 1907 to

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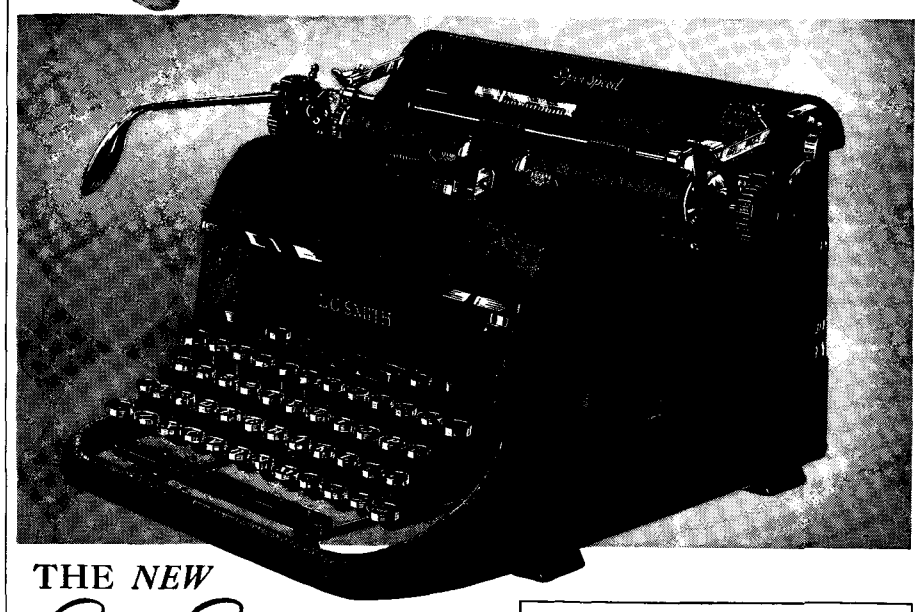

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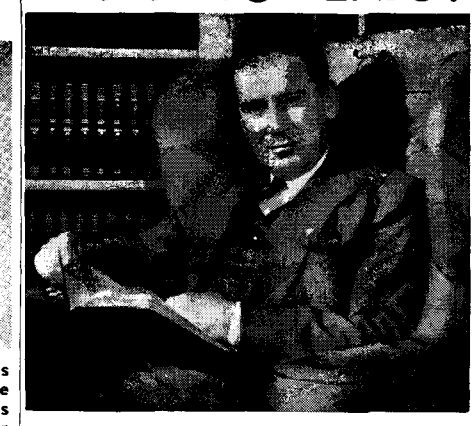

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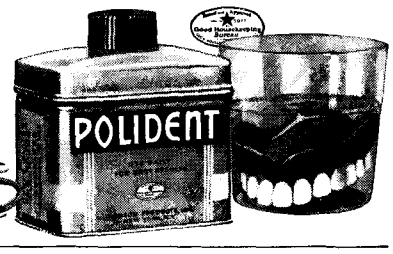

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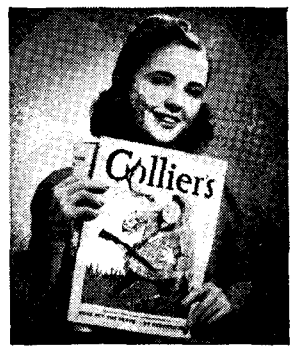

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1910. In that year the McCormicks of the Tribune hired Max Annenberg, Hearst's circulation leader, and Hearst tried to stop it with an injunction. Then the struggle flamed up anew and with fiercer intensity for several years more. Max Annenberg, when he went to the Tribune, had made a contract with that paper that he would increase its circulation and would cut the circulation of the Examiner. In the end the Tribune won.

This is the famous circulation war which has been the cause of so many lawsuits—and libel suits to boot. This is the epic brawl which Secretary Ickes and Senator Joe Guffey, in Pennsylvania's last bitter election campaign, charged had been the scene of some of Moe Annenberg's early exploits. The charge is less than fair to Moe. He was part and parcel of the Hearst circulation drive up to 1907, the year the gang wars broke out in their criminal phase. He had been for a time circulation manager of the morning Examiner. He had had his full share in the rough ways and jungle competition for readers up to that time. But in 1907 Moe shook the dust of Chicago from his heels.

He had been making the moderate sum of about fifty or sixty dollars a week as a news agent. He had thrown up his job as circulation manager of the Examiner because of a quarrel with his brother, who headed the American circulation department. And he had gone to Milwaukee to start a business of his own. The Chicago directory reveals Moe's name and address in Chicago up to and including 1906. In 1907 his name, business and residence addresses appear in the Milwaukee directory and they continue to appear there until 1920, when he quit Milwaukee.

The Genesis of a Huge Fortune

Chicago had not been very kind to him. He had already seen how money could be made in the news-distribution business in a small agency he had started in Aurora, but which had to close for lack of time and funds. So he borrowed $1,500 at high interest, part of which came from pawning all the jewelry he and his wife had—$700 worth—and opened his own newspaper-distributing agency, the Chicago News Agency at 450 Broadway in Milwaukee. The speed with which he began to make money in Milwaukee proves that he confined his energies to that city while the Battle of the Newsstands rose to heights of blood and fury in his old home town. When he went to Milwaukee he went with $1,500 of borrowed money. When he left thirteen years later he was worth two million dollars.

How did he do it?

In Milwaukee back in 1907 the sale of Chicago papers was very large. But each publisher distributed his own papers. This was so costly that no paper made a cent out of its out-of-town circulation. Moe, despite the rivalries in Chicago, got all the Chicago papers to agree to let him handle their Milwaukee deliveries. He managed that business so well that it did not take him long to convince the Chicago publishers that it would pay them to give him the distribution of their papers in other places. A man can make a sizable profit out of one such agency. Moe had the Milwaukee enterprise yielding him $150 a week very soon. But by the time he left Milwaukee he had formed and was operating agencies in thirty other cities.

But he had another passion. He could not brook the spectacle of any of his surplus dollars lying around idle. He pursued with an inveterate zeal means for putting these dollars to work. He learned how easy it was to borrow from banks. He added these borrowed dollars to his own. He went into partnership with Frank L. Mulkern, a local celebrity known as the millionaire newsboy, in a taxicab business. He built a garage. He got the agency for one of the early electric motorcars—the Chicago electric. He operated a string of restaurants. He owned two drugstores. He owned and ran two bowling alleys and billiard parlors. He invested in real estate. He put up and bought and sold a number of buildings. He still owns perhaps three million dollars' worth of real estate in Milwaukee.

Moe Scents the Big Money

But the enterprise which yielded him his first large bundle of cash was quite different from these. It was singularly simple. It is characteristic of him—a man of no creative capacities but with a talent for infinite detail. Let him tell the story himself:

"Selling things through newspaper coupons was not new then. College pennants had been popular—just cut out the coupon, send ten or twenty cents and get a college pennant. Everybody had a den and they went well but the business was played out. I was looking for something new, something that housewives would want. I wanted something that had a serial quality—something which women would buy and repeat. I asked my wife what among household articles of a more durable nature she found herself buying oftenest. She answered quickly—teaspoons. I decided to try this. I conceived the idea of having teaspoons with the state seal on the handle. I had to borrow money to do it, but I ordered 30,000 spoons in 5,000 lots with the state seals of Wisconsin and five neighboring states.

"My wife was right. Every woman in creation seemed to want those spoons. Because I bought in such large quantities I could sell them at a low price. The newspaper carried the ad and the coupon. The woman cut out the coupon and presented it to certain newsstands and got a spoon. She bought another later until she had a supply. I interested papers in practically every state and in Canada."

Not a new industry, surely. No new invention here. Just the application of some very commonplace shrewdness and daring to selling one of the oldest articles in civilized society. It was the first adventure that provided Annenberg with the capital to begin making investments on a large scale.

Once he was asked to what he attributed his dynamic energy in money-making. "It is the difference," he replied, "between the well-fed house dog and the hungry wolf. You never hear of a well-fed house dog going out to hunt for food. But the hungry wolf must hunt or starve. I was a hungry wolf. I had a large family. I had to hunt or starve. I learned how to hunt. And I kept it up."

One day the shadow of Hearst appeared in Milwaukee. It was Arthur Brisbane—Hearst's columnist-philosopher who preached daily the homely virtues and amassed a fortune of millions while doing it. He appeared in Milwaukee with a complete newspaper staff. He had bought three Milwaukee papers—the Evening Wisconsin, the Daily Press and the Milwaukee Daily News. He proposed to consolidate them. He had brought his staff. He wanted Moe to be his circulation manager. But before he got through talking to Moe, Brisbane offered him the job of publisher of the new consolidated paper. Annenberg looked upon Brisbane as a colossus. He still admires him. He was one of Brisbane's most faithful fans. This was in 1917 and by this time Moe was a millionaire. His interests were large. But here was recognition indeed—and from the fountainhead of wisdom. Moe took that job, but held on to his other interests. He increased the

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price of the paper from one cent to two, and ran the circulation up from 25,000 to 80,000. The war helped, of course. But the Moe circulation touch helped also. In 1919 he needed more money to spend getting advertising. He asked Brisbane for a supplementary appropriation of $10,000. Brisbane replied by promptly selling the paper to his boss, William Randolph Hearst—it is reported at a large profit.

Hearst retained Annenberg as publisher for a year and then summoned him to New York. He paid Moe the compliment he perhaps cherishes above all others. "Milwaukee is too small for you," said the great man. For Moe admires Hearst too. Hearst, he says, taught everybody how to run papers. Hearst told him he wanted Moe as general circulation manager of all his papers and magazines. The salary was $50,000. Moe had a bigger income from his own business. With the understanding that he would not abandon those interests, Moe made his next move. He left Milwaukee and set out for New York.

He was now sitting on top of the world. The humble 40-mile road solicitor was now at the center of the web of the greatest circulation machine in the world—Hearst's far-flung empire. He was forty-four. He was successful. He was worth several millions.

A Real Career at Last

But all this was small change, mere chicken feed compared with what was to come. Moe is not the man to go to sleep on another man's pay roll. He is no employee. The law of his nature is that he must be his own master. He was immensely proud of the fact that—as he puts it—he was a member of the privy council of the Napoleonic Hearst. But there is a bit of the imperial hunger in his own soul. This desperately poor boy must have looked back with a little wonder upon the trail that had led him from the little fish traps in the lake at Kalwischen and the junk shop of South Chicago to the ivory tower in New York. The audacity, the resolute courage, the dauntless energy which had triumphed over lack of schooling, lack of opportunity, poverty—the rough, raw, brawling world of Chicago's circulation men, to bring him as an equal to sit with the fabulous Brisbane, the predatory philosopher he worshiped—all this produced in his mind the conviction that what any other man could do, he could do.

In any event, a couple of years after he became Hearst's circulation chieftain, he took the step that was to lead him off into another world of unlimited profit. And it was a step down. Up to now he had worked and made his fortune in what is accepted as the fields of legitimate business. But now he moved toward the nether world—that No-Man's Land of business in between the respectable on one side and the underworld on the other.

Of course Annenberg will never admit this. The next seventeen years of his life were to be spent in serving the needs of thousands of law-breaking gambling joints, serving clients beset by gang wars, political corruption, endless controversies and in a business of notorious partners and colleagues. But today Moe will look you in the face and tell you without batting an eye that "he has never done anything wrong in his life; that his life has been as clean as a baby's." He has worked himself into a frame of mind where he believes he is a persecuted patriot. When he was indicted by a federal grand jury in Chicago for income-tax evasion, he chalked it up to political persecution and when the newspapermen asked him for a statement, he said, "Like Nathan Hale, my only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country."

At all events, in 1922, Moe saw a chance to buy a racing paper—the Daily Racing Form. And he did buy it, with several partners. This introduced him to the racing world, opened a new phase of his career which was to lead him to one of the great fortunes of the world and a larger individual annual income than any other living American.

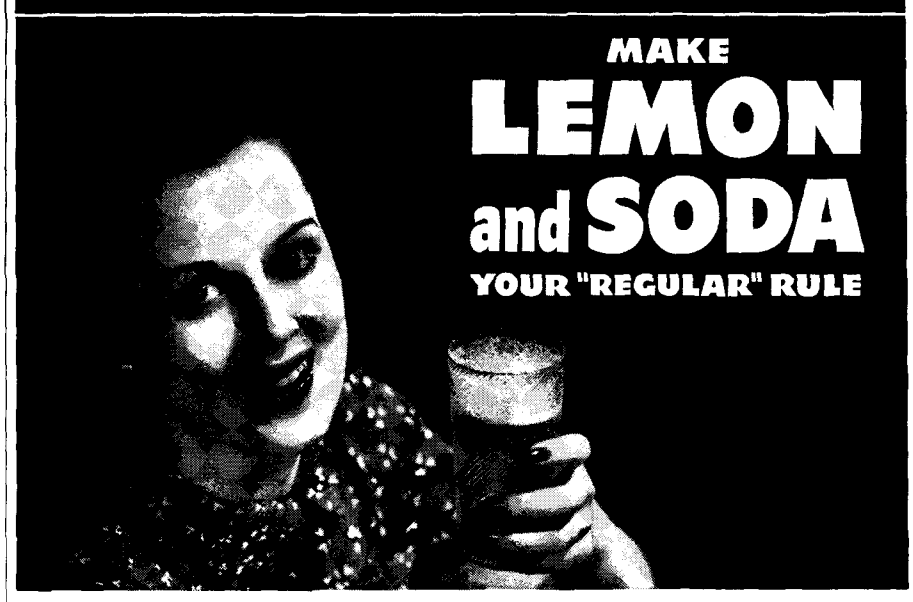
The second article of this series will appear in next week's Collier's.

THE GENERAL

"Never mind taking aim—keep firing! The General's warming his hands!"

FRANK OWEN

Instead of Harsh Laxatives



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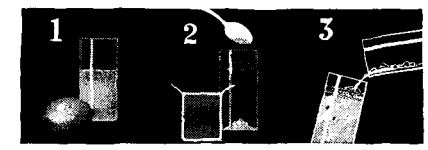
Taken first thing upon arising or just before retiring, sparkling lemon-and-soda gently aids elimination. It helps maintain normal alkalinity, and gives the added protection of vitamin C, abundant in fresh lemon juice.

First or last thing daily: 1. Squeeze juice of a Sunkist Lemon into tall glass half full of water. 2. Put half teaspoonful baking soda (bicarbonate) in another glass. 3. Pour back and forth, and drink as foaming subsides.



Do this ten days. See if you do not benefit when you make lemon and soda *your "regular" rule.*

Copyright, 1940, California Fruit Growers Exchange

Sunkist Lemons

Hear "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood"—Many CBS Stations—6:15 pm, EST—Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays

WHICH of these women has learned the secret of Fifteen Minutes a Day?

TWO women live in neighboring homes. They are the same age. Their husbands' incomes are about equal. They seem to have the same chance of social success and happiness. And yet one of these is seldom invited to go out.

The other woman is always the center of a group. She is sought after as a guest.

MAKE HER SECRET YOUR OWN

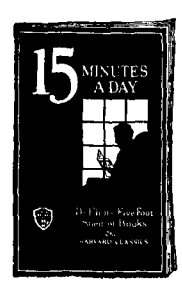
Her secret is very simple. She has learned how to attract people. She has read many things. Her mind is keen and alert, and people feel instinctively that she is worth knowing.

Make her secret your own. It is possible to secure all at once and at very small expense the few great books that enable anyone to think clearly and talk well.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

You need not decide now. Simply mail the coupon for the Free booklet "Fifteen Minutes a Day" which has brought new happiness to thousands who have sent for it. It comes without obligation when you fill out and mail this coupon.

Now, for the first time, the famous ELIOT FOUNDATION COURSE OF ADULT EDUCATION is included with The Harvard Classics at no extra cost. The Course, prepared by noted University authorities, brings to your fireside the advantages of the finest liberal arts instruction. Send for the famous book, FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY. It is yours without obligation and without cost.



THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO FREE BOOKLET

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I am interested in receiving by mail, free and without obligation, your valuable booklet, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," describing the famous library, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing Dr. Eliot's own plan of constructive reading. 318 HCS

Name Mr. Mrs. Miss .....

Address .....

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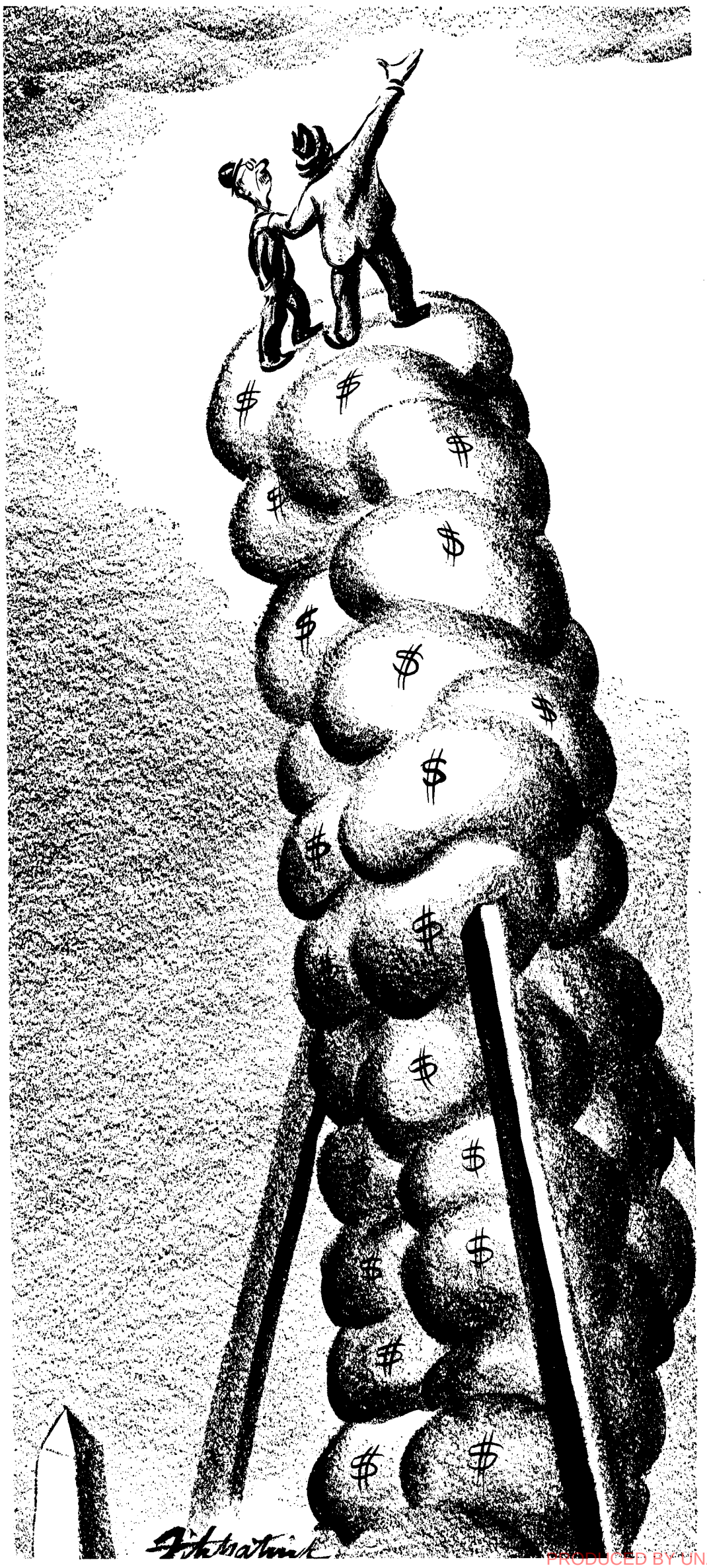

Budget Baloney

AS, WE flatter ourselves, connoisseurs of political baloney, we are impressed by the richness and aroma of the federal budget brand that Washington is slicing for the voters this year.

Chairman Marriner S. Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board began the festivities. This leader of the spend-ourselves-rich school of thought suddenly let off a blast in favor of heavier taxes on the little and middle-sized fellows, heavier normal corporation income taxes, war profit taxes (the puzzle being to find the war profits), taxes on corporations' rainy-day reserves and a modest cut in nuisance taxes.

Eccles' remarks were repudiated a week or so later by John W. Hanes, acting as Secretary of the Treasury, while Henry Morgenthau vacationed in Arizona. Said Hanes about Eccles:

"I'll say I don't think he spoke for the Administration. I doubt seriously if he spoke for Congress. I am certain he didn't speak for the Treasury."

Senator Pat Harrison (Dem., Miss.) emerged grinning from a White House tête-à-tête a few days later to tell the press that tax revenues were coming in at a rate "to gladden our souls," and to add that if the money kept rolling no higher taxes would be necessary this year.

Steve Early, the presidential secretary, next day went Harrison one better. Early predicted that the executive budget this year would call for drastic economies in government.

The stage being now set for the wow act, the President himself walked on. It would be necessary, the President thought, to spend a half billion more on national defense next fiscal year than the 1¾ billions we're spending this year. So, the President, according to the Associated Press—

> . . . . thought the people should study the question whether the emergency expenditures for defense should be met by borrowing, or whether the program should be put on a pay-as-you-go basis.

From that point, the performance has gone on.

The cold facts of the federal budget situation are these:

We haven't paid as we've gone in seven years. We've spent as high as four billions in one year over what we've taken in in revenues—meaning we've borrowed to meet these deficits, stuffing the banks with government paper to do so.

It is not planned to pay as we go for the next fiscal year. Unless government spending is drastically reduced, or taxes steeply raised, or both, we shall wind up the next fiscal year with a deficit of somewhere between two and four billion dollars.

The best the Administration hopes to do, according to the most reliable advices, is to avoid having to ask the Congress soon to assemble to raise the statutory federal debt limit of 45 billions—which figure the national debt is now rapidly approaching.

The reason the Administration or, in similar circumstances, almost any administration, does not want to ask Congress to jack up this debt ceiling this year is that this is an election year. Some of the voters might not like it. Hence, the special supergarlicked richness of this year's crop of Washington budget baloney.

Befuddle the public sufficiently—pass out enough talk about national defense and paying as you go, plus enough phony disagreements in high government circles—and it should be feasible to slip over enough additional taxes to keep borrowing inside the debt limit till after November.

Sometime, some administration may get frank and bold with the people on this subject of revenues; may tell the world what it expects to have to spend the next year, then tell the people just what it will cost them in plainly visible and fairly levied taxes to raise that amount, then urge Congress to impose those taxes without fear or hesitation.

But not this year, folks, not this year—or any year so long as the American people retain their love of being kidded about taxes. A lot of us still think that it is possible to get something for nothing; that you can pile up debts year after year, then somehow whiff them off, pleasantly and without pain to yourself or anybody else, and on the whole honestly.

In kidding us blind about the budget each year, the politicians are giving us exactly what the majority of us ask for. They're excellent psychologists, the politicians. If they weren't, they would be retired politicians in no time.

The whole process is leading us toward inflation, repudiation or sudden and ruinous taxation, or a devil's mixture of all three. But it isn't the politicians' job to worry about that. Their job is to give us what we want. What most of us have wanted for the last seven years has been confirmation of the ancient American conviction that the arithmetic book can be repealed.

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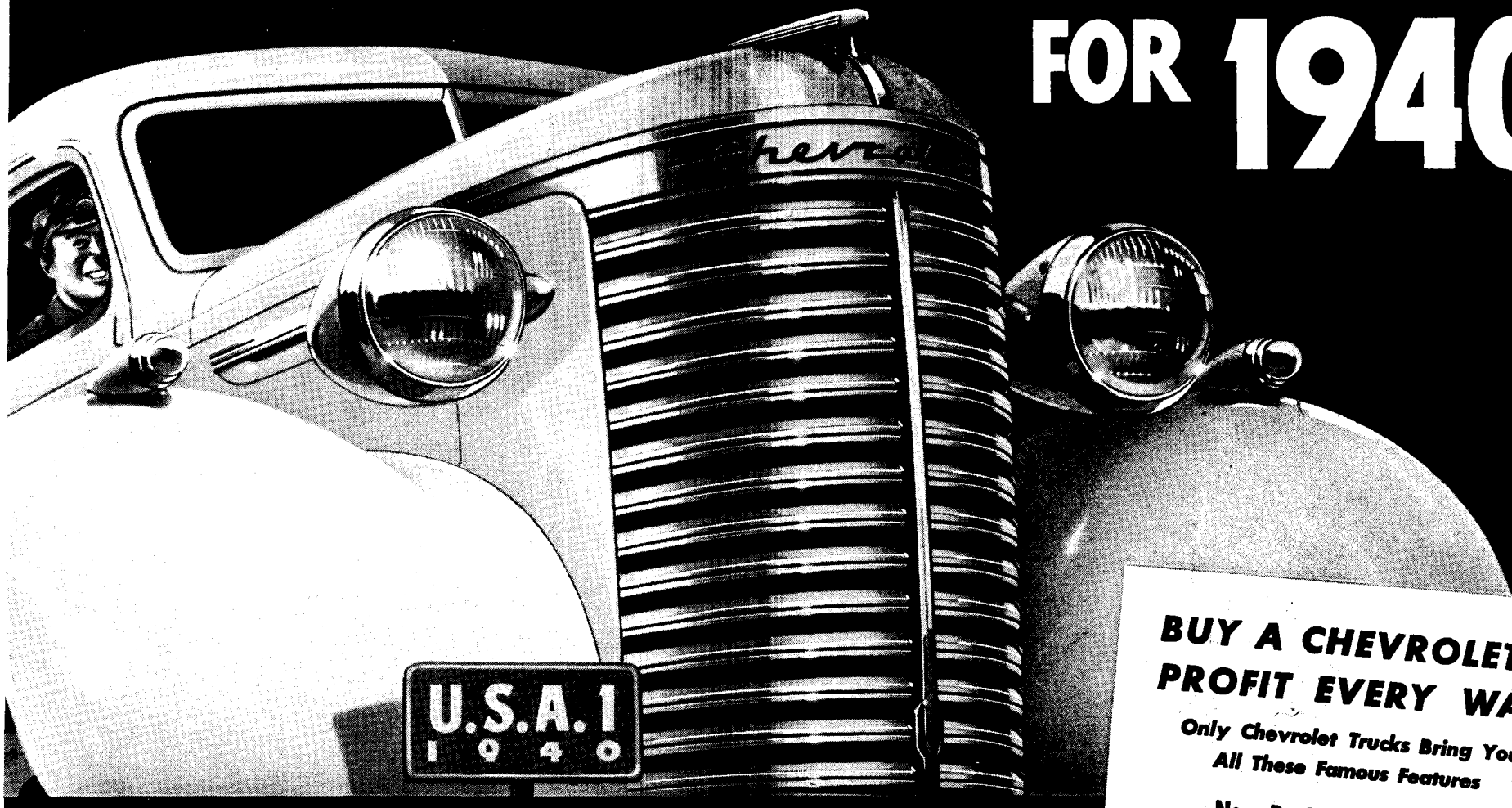
CHEVROLET TRUCKS FOR 1940



Best Haulers . . . Best Savers and "BEST SELLERS" in the entire truck field!

Chevrolet—the nation's largest builder of trucks—now offers its great new line for 1940—56 models on nine wheelbase lengths, all of them selling in the lowest price range!

And Chevrolet has taken special care to make these trucks even more worthy to be the *first choice* of buyers everywhere, by adding still further to Chevrolet leadership in performance, appearance, endurance and economy.

Extra-powerful Valve-in-Head Engines . . . extra-strong Hypoid Rear Axles . . . extra-sturdy truck units throughout . . . make all these new Chevrolets *gluttons for work,* whether you choose a Sedan Delivery or a Heavy Duty Cab-Over-Engine model.

And Chevrolet's famous six-cylinder economy . . . plus the exceptional dependability and long life of Chevrolet trucks . . . means that all of them are *misers with your money* when it comes to gas, oil and upkeep.

Choose Chevrolet trucks for 1940 and you choose the nation's greatest truck values . . . the trucks that have *proved* their quality leadership by winning volume leadership . . . the best haulers, best savers and "best sellers" in the entire truck field!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation,* DETROIT, MICHIGAN

BUY A CHEVROLET— PROFIT EVERY WAY

Only Chevrolet Trucks Bring You All These Famous Features

New De Luxe Truck Cabs

•

Chevrolet's Famous Valve-in-Head Truck Engine

•

New Hypoid Rear Axle

•

Extra-Sturdy Truck Frame

•

New Full-Vision Outlook and New Hi-Test Safety Plate Glass Windshield

•

Perfected Hydraulic Truck Brakes

•

Specialized 4-Way Lubrication

•

New Sealed Beam Headlights (with separate parking lights)

•

Full-Floating Rear Axle (on Heavy Duty models)

(Vacuum-Power Brakes, 2-Speed Rear Axle optional on Heavy Duty models at extra cost.)

CHEVROLET

More than ever, the "THRIFT-CARRIERS FOR THE NATION"

See the New 1940 CHEVROLET TRUCKS on special display NATIONAL TRUCK WEEK at your Chevrolet dealer's JAN. 8 to 13

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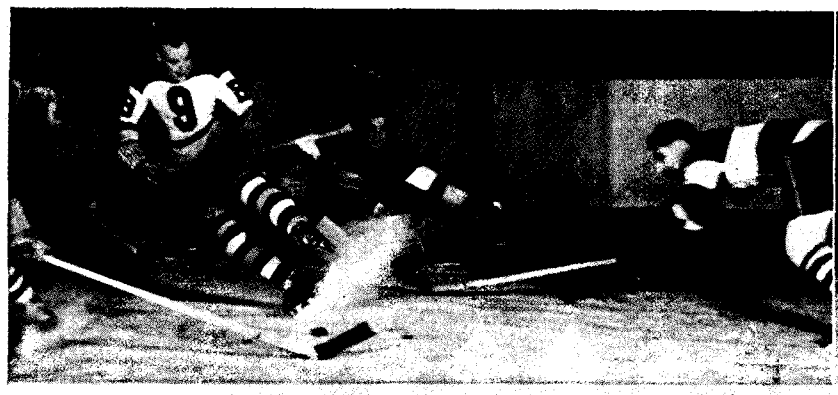
HERE'S ROY CONACHER (No. 9), HIGH-SCORING FORWARD OF THE BOSTON BRUINS, WORLD CHAMPIONS of '39...



IN THIS ACTION SHOT he's come in like a bullet from an express rifle... he takes a pass. But the opposition's defense stops him—this time.

HE'S AWAY! He burns up the ice—a spectacular solo dash... nimbly he dodges the defense...draws out the goalie and scores.

AGAIN a furious flash of speed...a split-second of stick magic... and the puck shoots home for the goal that wins the match.

His hockey's fast and hot!

BUT HE SMOKES A SLOW-BURNING CIGARETTE FOR MORE MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR

When it's easy-chair time after that rough-and-tumble mêlée known as a hockey match, you'll find Roy Conacher of the Bruins enjoying a milder, cooler, more fragrant, and flavorful cigarette... Camels, of course.

"SPEED'S fine in hockey but not in cigarettes"—Roy, how right you are!

Research men may use fancier language—but they say exactly the same thing about cigarettes.

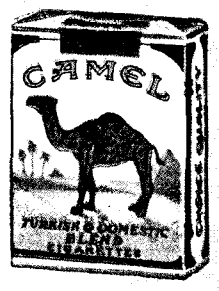
Scientists know that nothing destroys a cigarette's delicate elements of fragrance and flavor so mercilessly as—*excess heat*. And cigarettes that burn fast also burn *hot*. Your own taste tells you that.

Slow-burning cigarettes *don't* burn away these precious natural elements of flavor and fragrance. They're milder, mellower, and—naturally—cooler!

And the *slowest-burning* cigarette of the 16 largest-selling brands tested was *Camel!* They burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested. *(See panel at right.)*

So...why not enjoy Camel's extra mildness, coolness, fragrance, and flavor? ... And extra smoking equal to 5 extra smokes per pack... *(Again, eyes right!)*

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

FOR MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR

CAMELS *SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS*

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